

Introducing THE MASKED MARVEL!
in This Issue

DETECTIVE FUNNIES

17c JULY



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Hi-Yo Silver!

You've heard the Lone Ranger on the radio—you've read of his thrilling adventures in the full-length story books "THE LONE RANGER" and "THE LONE RANGER AND THE MYSTERY RANCH"—and now there are *two new books* for you to read!

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Uncle Joe Says:

SMBBPDA MBB GOOD TONOSNPWOI!

This month I have a very important message for my Keen Detective force—telling how you can help your local police stop hit-run drivers from evading the law. So, get out your pencil and get busy translating this message into English, using our Keen Detective Code:

PC VZJ IOO MD MJNZEZYPBO LPN IZEYOZTV MDT NLOD TKPWO MQMV, EMGO M KOSZKT ZC NLO BPSODIO DJEYOK MDT NJKD PN ZWOK NZ NLO XZBPSO. PC VZJ LMWOD'N M XPOSO ZC XMXOK LMDTV, QKPNO NLO DJEYOK QPNL VZJK CPDAOK ZD MDV LMDTV XPOSO ZC ABMII (MD MJNZ QPDTILPOBT ZK INZKO QPDTZQ QPBB TZ). NLOD AON M XODSPB MDT XMXOK, YBZQ ZD NLO ABMII, MDT NLO DJEYOKI QPBB KOMXXOMK IZ NL MN VZJ SMD SZXV NLOE TZQD. YV NJKDPDA NLO DJEYOK ZWOK NZ NLO XZBPSO VZJ QPBB LOBX NLOE ODCZKSO NLO BMQ.

Well, there's my message. It's a little longer than previous ones, but you should have no trouble translating it back into English. By this time you know that to translate the message you locate the letters in the above message on Line 2 of our code, and substitute the letters on Line 1. In other words, you substitute I for P, F for C (giving you the word IF), Y for V, O for Z, U for J (giving you the word YOU), etc.

In order to make it easier to translate my code messages, I am printing our Keen Detective Code in two ways this month—No. 1 for writing messages from English into code (for secret messages to your friends, etc.)—and No. 2 for translating code messages into English. Here they are:

KEEN DETECTIVE CODE No. 1

(For writing messages in code)

1. Regular: A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
2. Code: M Y S T O C A L P H G B E D Z X F K I N J W Q R V U

KEEN DETECTIVE CODE No. 2

(For translating messages into English)

2. Code: A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1. Regular: G L F N M Q K J S U R H A T E I W X C D Z Y V P B O

And that's all we have room for this month. Now, I wish you would let me know whether you like these code messages and want them continued in future issues. Just send me a postcard c/o Centaur Publications, Inc., 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Thanks for your cooperation!

Uncle Joe.

CHIEF OF DETECTIVES



Don't Miss

STARTING
THIS MONTH IN
Keen
DETECTIVE FUNNIES

THRILLING ADVENTURE!
SUPER SLEUTH—FEARED BY
ALL CROOKS AND GANGSTERS!

THE
**MASKED
MARVEL!**
by
Ben Thompson

The MASKED MARVEL



ZR



ZL



ZY

THE THREE FORMER LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS ARE KNOWN TO EACH OTHER ONLY AS ZR, ZY AND ZL

EACH ONE IS A FLYER, CRACK SHOT, AND EXPERIENCED IN ALL BRANCHES OF POLICE WORK.

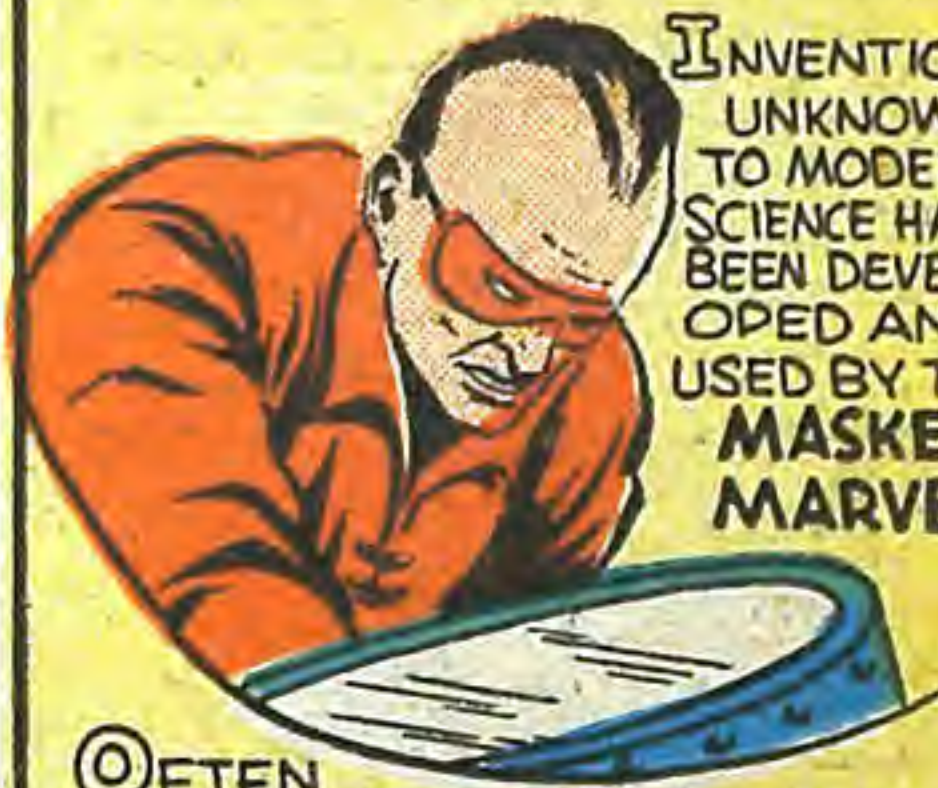
UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE MASKED MARVEL, A TRIO OF FORMER G-MEN HAVE Banded TOGETHER TO BREAK UP CRIMINAL GANGS IN LARGE CITIES AND BRING TO JUSTICE CROOKS AND DESPERADOES OF ALL KINDS.

SWORN TO SECRECY, THE IDENTITY OF EACH MAN IS UNKNOWN TO THE OTHERS.

THE MASKED MARVEL WEARS A RED MASK AND EACH OF THE OTHER THREE HAVE GREEN-MASKS.

by Ben Thompson

GIFTED WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH AND MIND-READING, THE MASKED MARVEL HAS BECOME THE TERROR OF LAWLESS GANGS THROUGHOUT THE NATION.



INVENTIONS UNKNOWN TO MODERN SCIENCE HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED AND USED BY THE MASKED MARVEL.

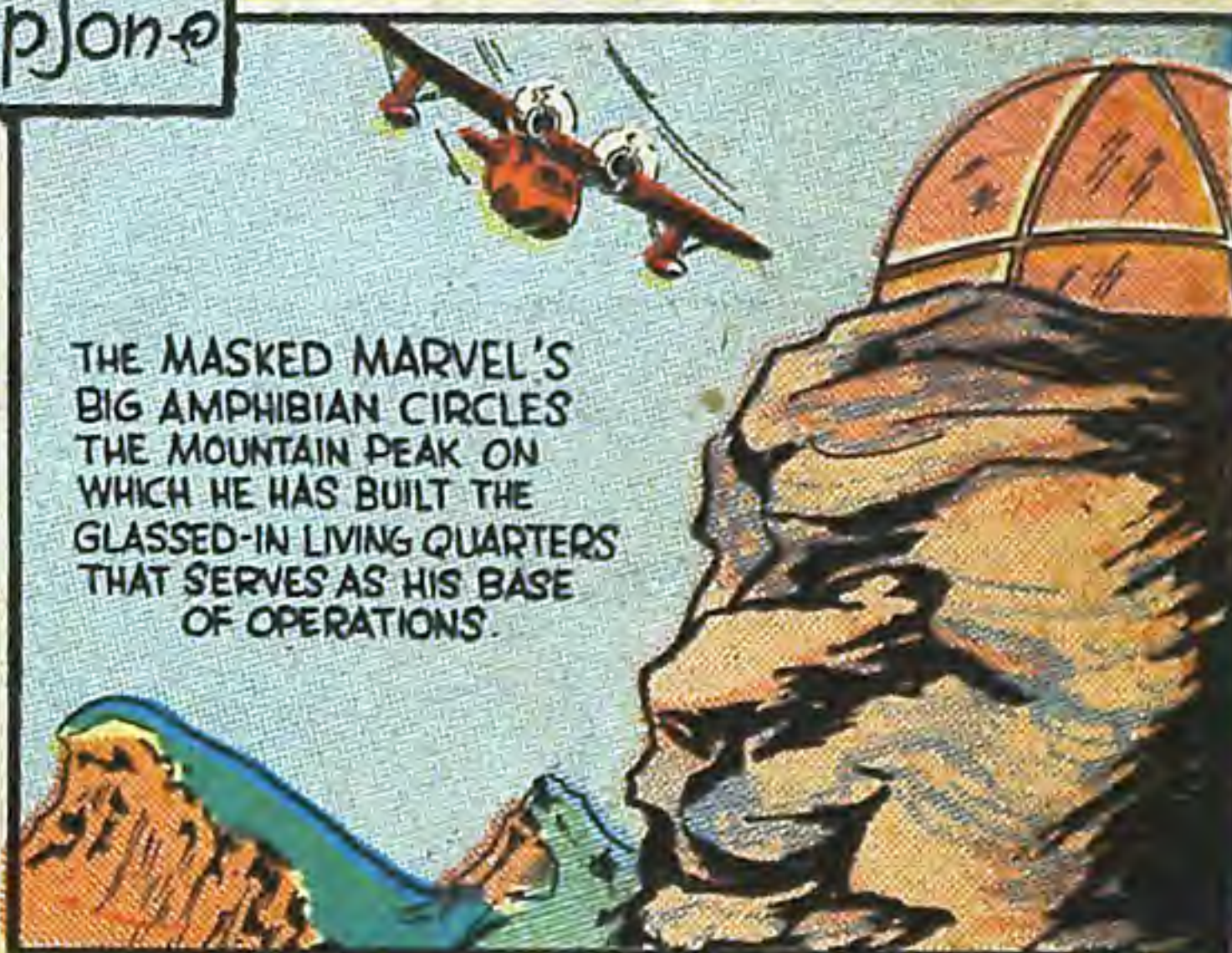
OFTEN HE APPEARS IN THE FORM OF A RED SHADOW!

THE CHIEF SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW

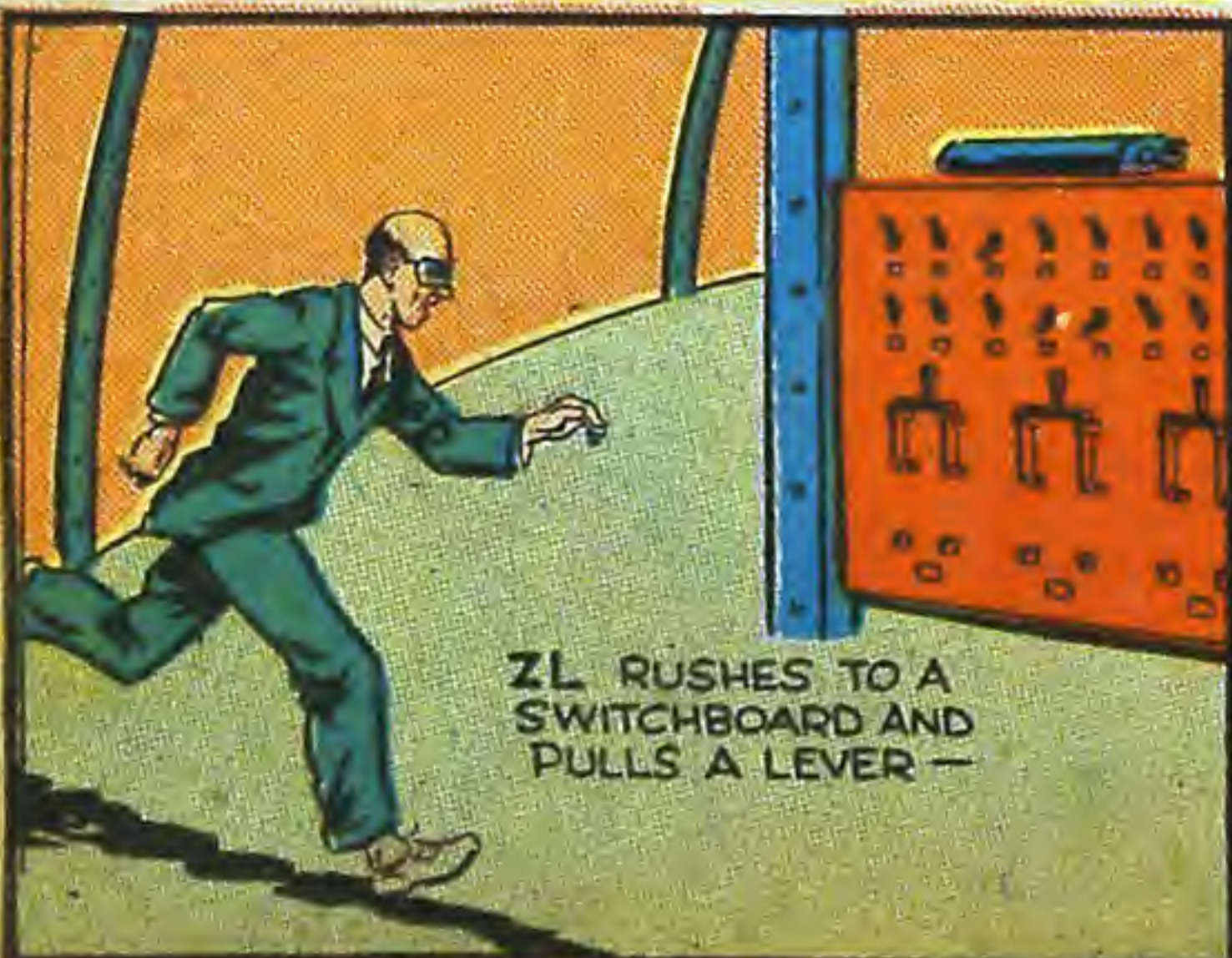
-THINK I HEAR HIS PLANE COMING, ZR



IN THEIR MOUNTAIN HEADQUARTERS, PERCHED HIGH ON THE TOP OF A ROCKY CRAG IN ONE OF THE SOUTHWEST STATES, THE MEN AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE MASKED MARVEL --



THE MASKED MARVEL'S BIG AMPHIBIAN CIRCLES THE MOUNTAIN PEAK ON WHICH HE HAS BUILT THE GLASS-ED IN LIVING QUARTERS THAT SERVES AS HIS BASE OF OPERATIONS.



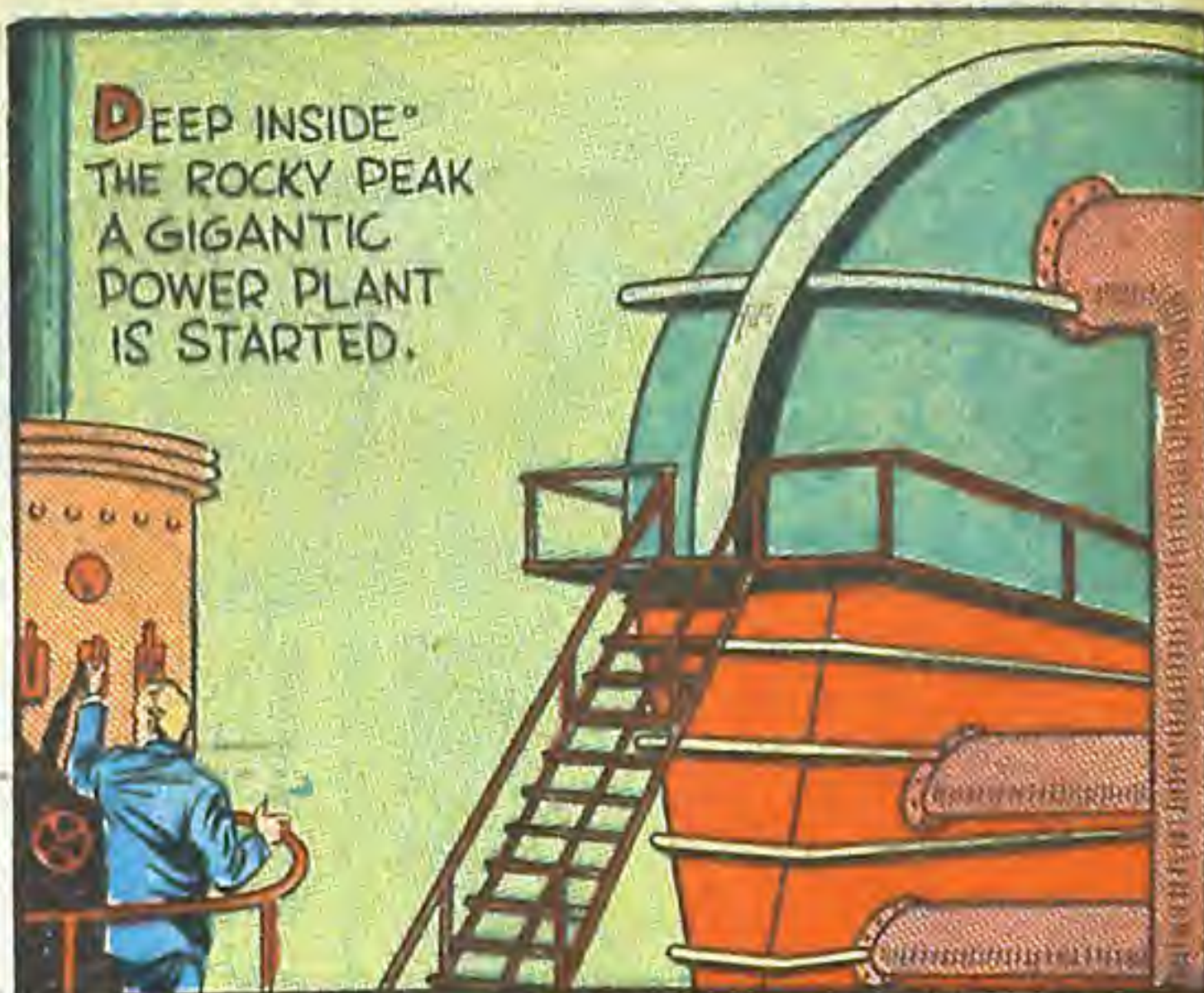
ZL RUSHES TO A SWITCHBOARD AND PULLS A LEVER --

AND HUGE STEEL DOORS IN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN ROLL OPEN

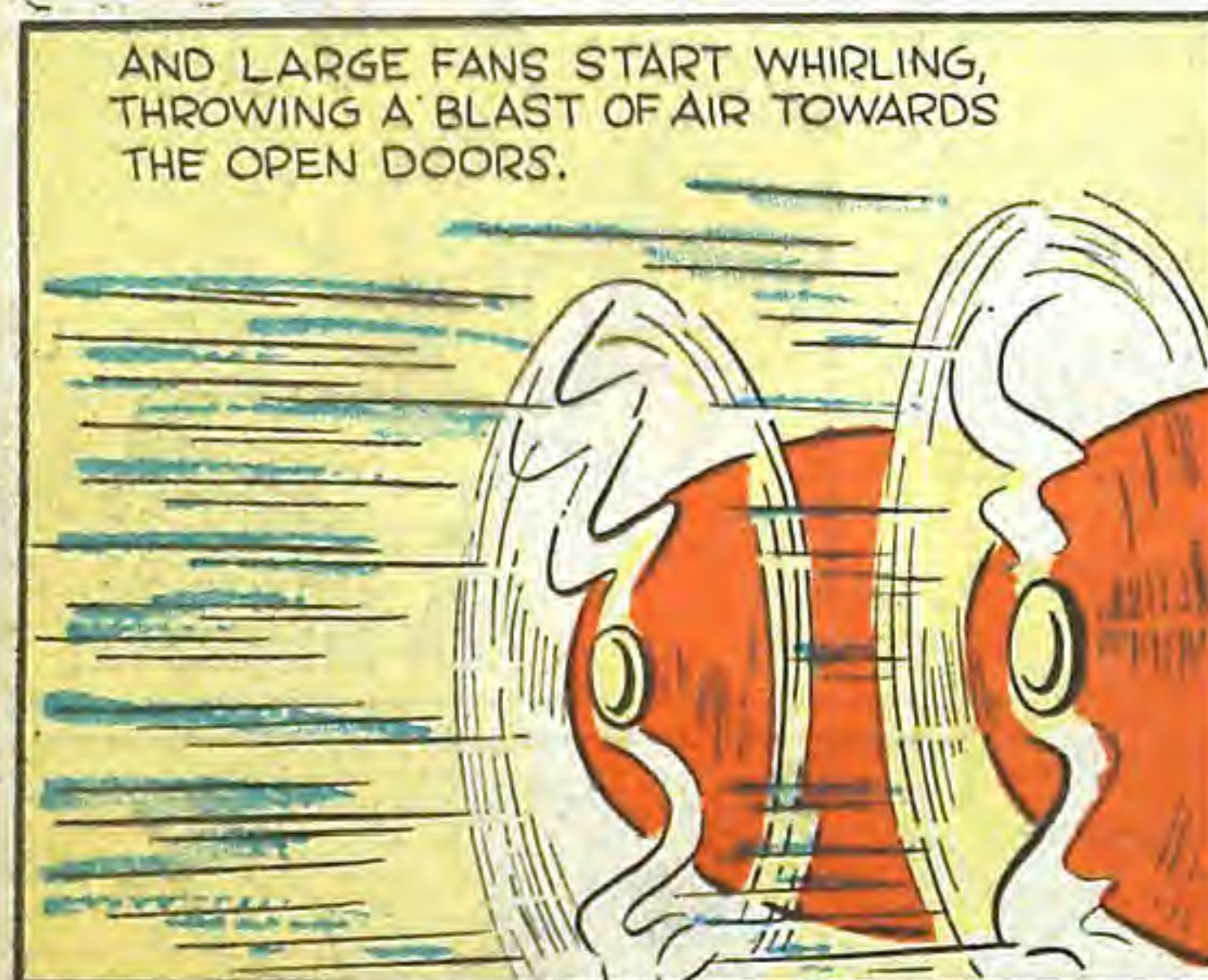




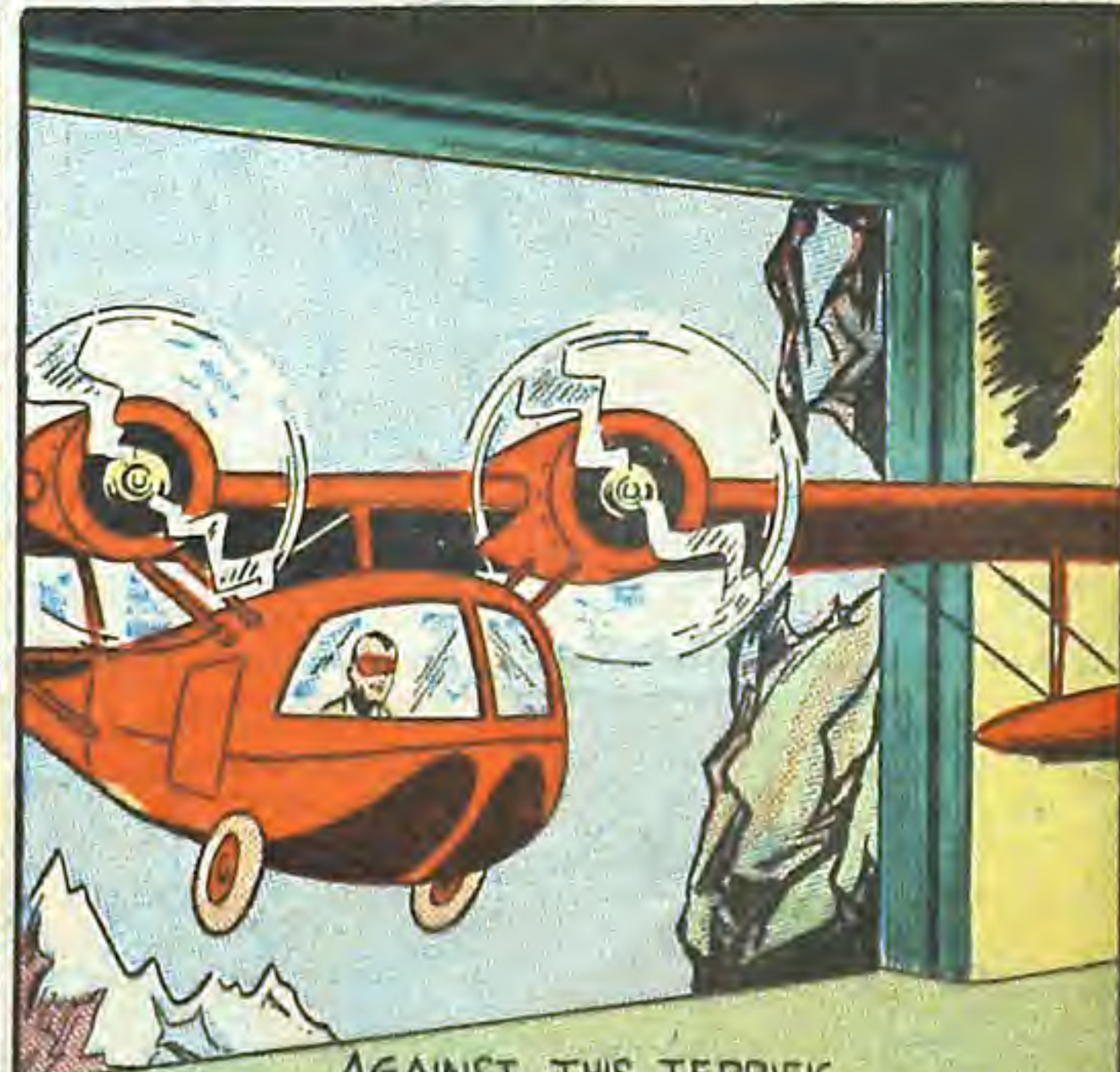
THE MASKED MARVEL HEADS HIS PLANE DIRECTLY INTO THE OPENING IN THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN.



DEEP INSIDE[®] THE ROCKY PEAK A GIGANTIC POWER PLANT IS STARTED.



AND LARGE FANS START WHIRLING, THROWING A BLAST OF AIR TOWARDS THE OPEN DOORS.



AGAINST THIS TERRIFIC RUSH OF WIND, THE MASKED MARVEL LANDS THE PLANE WITH SAFETY.



OUT OF THE PLANE, WITH ONE JUMP HE LEADS TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS--



--TO GREET HIS MEN!

COME IN MY OFFICE,
FELLOWS, WE'VE GOT
A BIG JOB COMING UP
THAT I WANT TO TELL
YOU ABOUT

O.K., CHIEF
WE'RE WITH
YOU—NO MATTER
WHAT IT IS!



I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT A GANG OF
INTERNATIONAL CROOKS HAVE THE PLANS
FOR AN INVENTION, WHICH
THEY HAVE STOLEN, THAT
WOULD ENABLE ANY NATION
POSSESSING THEM TO
CONQUER THE WORLD!
THEY INTEND TO SELL
THESE PLANS TO
AN UNSCRUPULOUS
POWER AND WE
**MUST STOP
THEM!**



HERE, ON AN ISLAND OFF THE EAST COAST,
THE THIEVES HAVE ESTABLISHED THEIR HIDE-OUT
IN QUARTERS APPARENTLY PREPARED MONTHS
AGO. THEY HAVE SET UP THE RAY APPARATUS
TO DEFEND THE ISLAND AND THE GOVERNMENT
IS POWERLESS IN ITS
ATTEMPTS TO
CAPTURE THEM



THIS INVENTION IS A POWERFUL ELECTRIC RAY THROUGH
WHICH NO OBJECT CAN PASS WITHOUT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT
THAT COUNTERACTS THE ACTION OF THE RAY. A
WARRING NATION COULD SURROUND ITS COUNTRY WITH
THESE RAYS AND RENDER ITSELF INVULNERABLE TO
ANY ATTACK, BUT WOULD BE ABLE TO LAUNCH ITS PLANES
AND ARMIES AGAINST THE ENEMY. ONLY ONE

PERSON HAS KNOWN THE SECRET
OF THIS RAY--THE INVENTOR--
AND HE WAS **MURDERED!**



THEY HAVE ALREADY NEGOTIATED WITH A FOREIGN
POWER TO SELL THE PLANS AND ARE AWAITING THE
ARRIVAL OF A SUBMARINE THAT MAY REACH THE IS-
LAND ANY MOMENT. UNLESS WE GET THE PLANS FIRST,
THE WORLD IS DOOMED! I WILL GO AT ONCE TO
THE F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.,
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION



THE MASKED MARVEL AND
HIS PLANE ARE CATAPULTED
FROM THE MOUNTAIN --



--FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY
BY ZR, ZY AND ZL,
WHO ARE TO PROCEED
TO AN EASTERN
AIRPORT TO WAIT
FOR INSTRUCTIONS

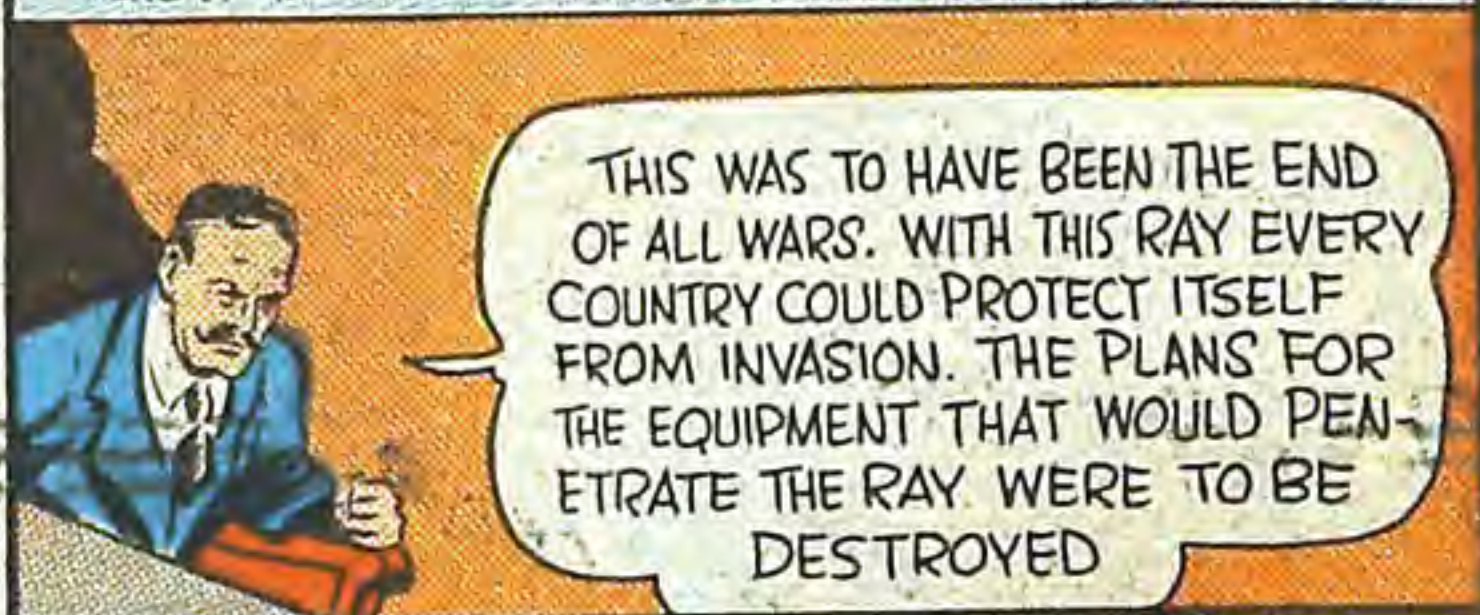


IN THE OFFICE OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



THERE'S A MAP OF THE AREA IN WHICH THE ISLAND IS LOCATED

THE MASKED MARVEL LEARNS THAT THE PLANS FOR THE INVENTION WERE TO BE ANNOUNCED AND A COPY GIVEN TO A REPRESENTATIVE OF EACH NATION AT A MEETING TO HAVE BEEN HELD AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND NEXT MONTH. UNTIL THAT TIME ONLY THE INVENTOR WAS TO KNOW THE PLANS. THE WAR DEPARTMENT KNEW OF THE PLANS, BUT HAD NOT SEEN THEM



THIS WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE END OF ALL WARS. WITH THIS RAY EVERY COUNTRY COULD PROTECT ITSELF FROM INVASION. THE PLANS FOR THE EQUIPMENT THAT WOULD PENETRATE THE RAY WERE TO BE DESTROYED

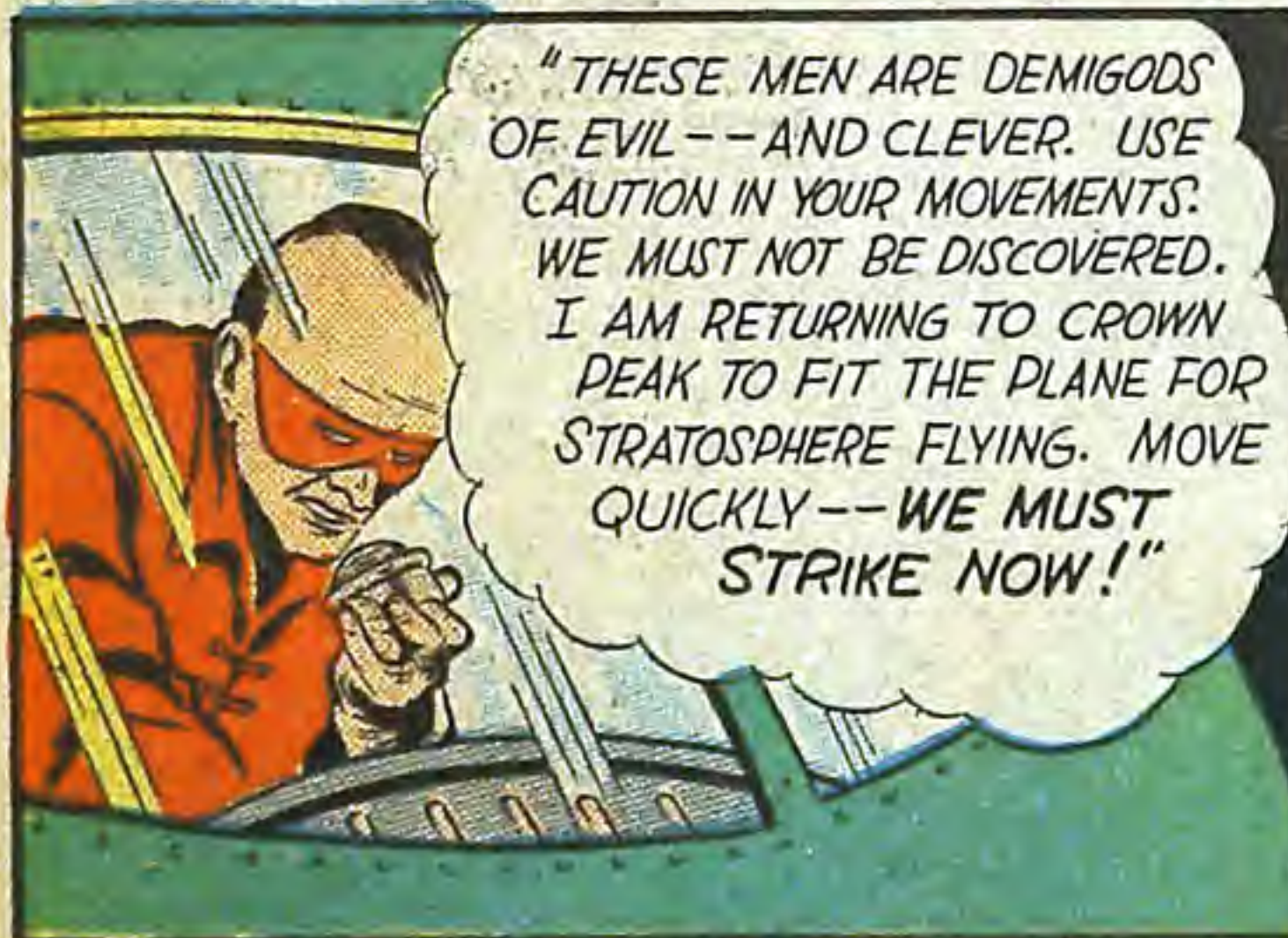
ALL ATTEMPTS TO CATCH THE CROOKS HAVE FAILED, AS THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING THE RAY EQUIPMENT IN OPERATION AND ARE COMPLETELY FORTIFIED. I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU CAN SUCCEED WHERE WE HAVE FAILED!



ZR, IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE, RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS ON THE TELEOPTICAN—



"YOU MEN ARE TO PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE ISLAND BY BOAT AND TRY TO GET ASHORE. MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO FLY, AS THE RAYS TRAVEL TO AN ALTITUDE OF 50,000 FEET!"



"THESE MEN ARE DEMIGODS OF EVIL—AND CLEVER. USE CAUTION IN YOUR MOVEMENTS. WE MUST NOT BE DISCOVERED. I AM RETURNING TO CROWN PEAK TO FIT THE PLANE FOR STRATOSPHERE FLYING. MOVE QUICKLY—WE MUST STRIKE NOW!"



"WHEN YOU GET ON THE ISLAND STAY UNDER COVER UNTIL I ARRIVE. YOU WILL FIND THE HOUSE THAT THE GANG OCCUPIES TO BE HEAVILY ARMED. STUDY IT FROM THE OUTSIDE AND TRY AND LOCATE THE ROOM WHERE THE PLANS ARE KEPT"



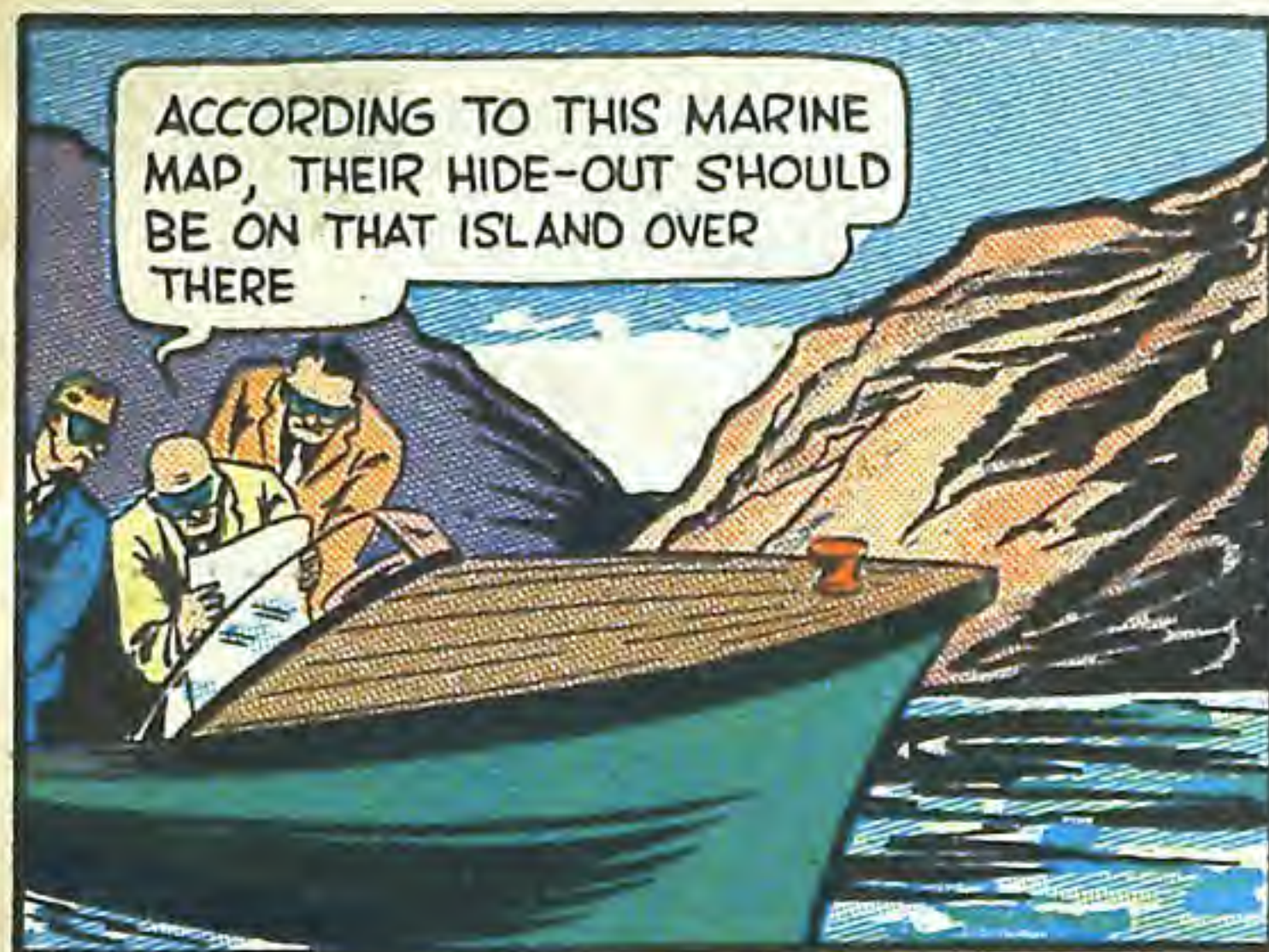
THESE RAYS ARE INVISIBLE, BUT THIS INFRA-VAC HELMET WILL ENABLE ME TO SEE THEM

IN THE MASKED MARVEL'S LABORATORY—

MEANWHILE, THREE MEN IN A FAST SPEEDBOAT APPROACH A GROUP OF BARREN ISLANDS OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST



BETTER SWING OVER INTO THAT COVE, ZL, UNTIL IT GETS DARK



ACCORDING TO THIS MARINE MAP, THEIR HIDE-OUT SHOULD BE ON THAT ISLAND OVER THERE



IN ANOTHER HOUR IT'LL BE DARK ENOUGH TO MOVE. IF WE CAN GET ON THE ISLAND THERE MUST BE AN OPENING SOMEWHERE THAT WILL LET US THROUGH THE RAYS

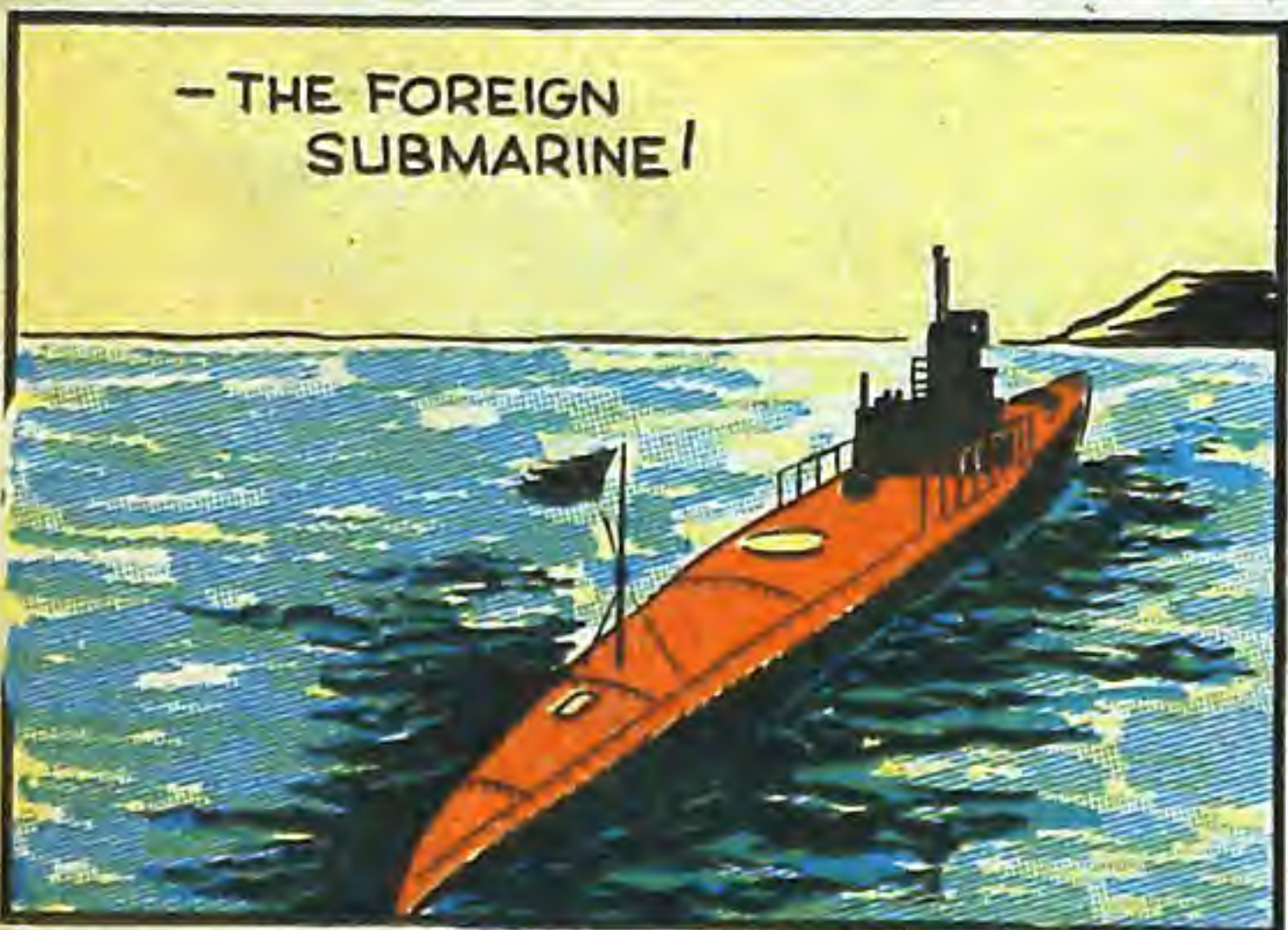


LOOK!

WHAT'S THAT OUT THERE IN THE WATER?



IT-- IT'S THE--



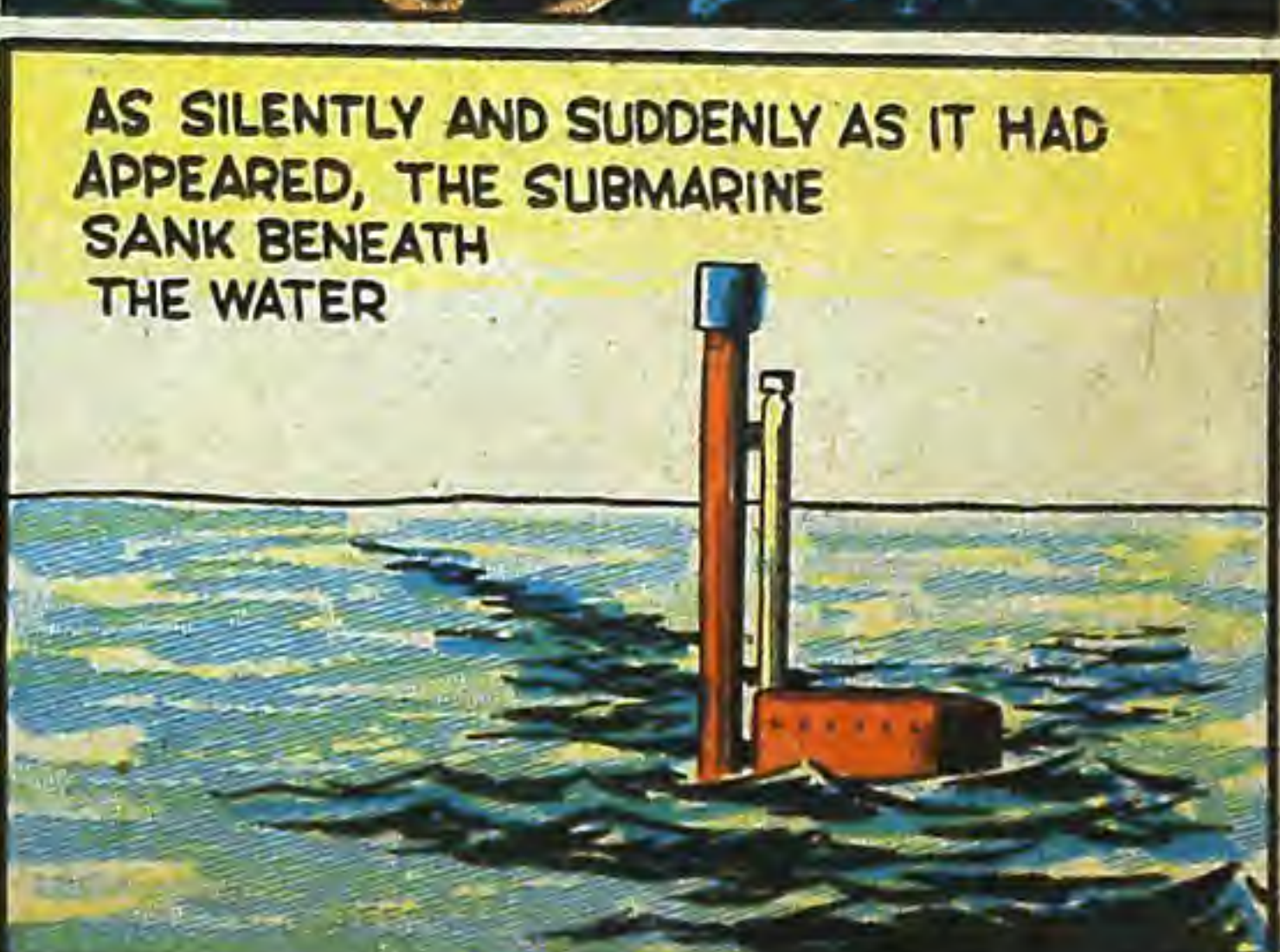
— THE FOREIGN SUBMARINE!



LET'S GET OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THOSE ROCKS. THEY'LL PROBABLY CONTACT THE ISLAND TONIGHT AND IF WE WATCH OUR CHANCE MAYBE WE CAN GET IN AT THE SAME TIME



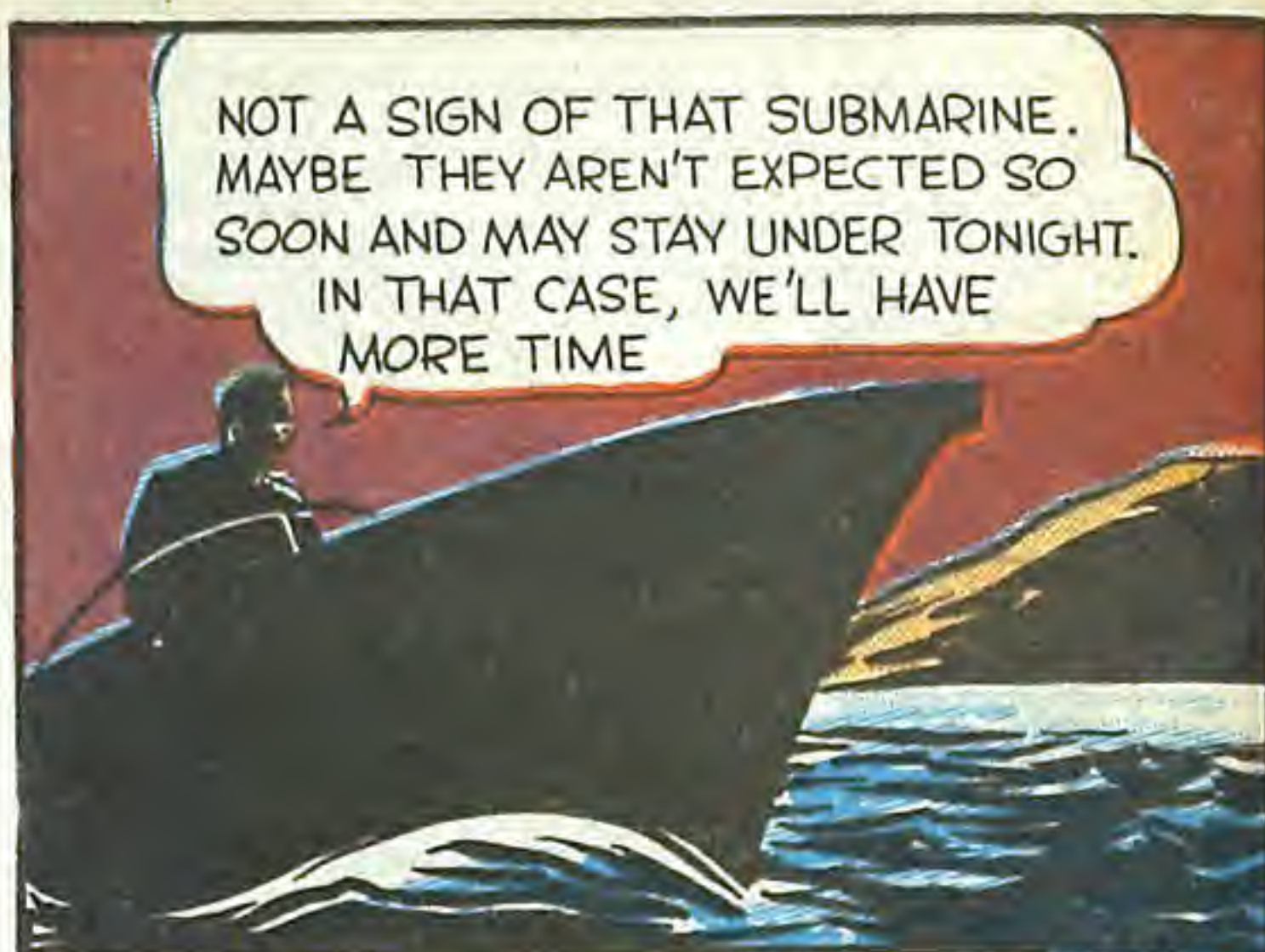
WAIT!



AS SILENTLY AND SUDDENLY AS IT HAD APPEARED, THE SUBMARINE SANK BENEATH THE WATER



IT'S DARK ENOUGH
NOW TO MOVE. LET'S
GET STARTED!



NOT A SIGN OF THAT SUBMARINE.
MAYBE THEY AREN'T EXPECTED SO
SOON AND MAY STAY UNDER TONIGHT.
IN THAT CASE, WE'LL HAVE
MORE TIME



LOOK OUT! IT'S
COMING UP--RIGHT
UNDER US!



THE MASKED MARVEL'S MEN ARE
HURTLED INTO THE WATER AS THEIR
BOAT IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR



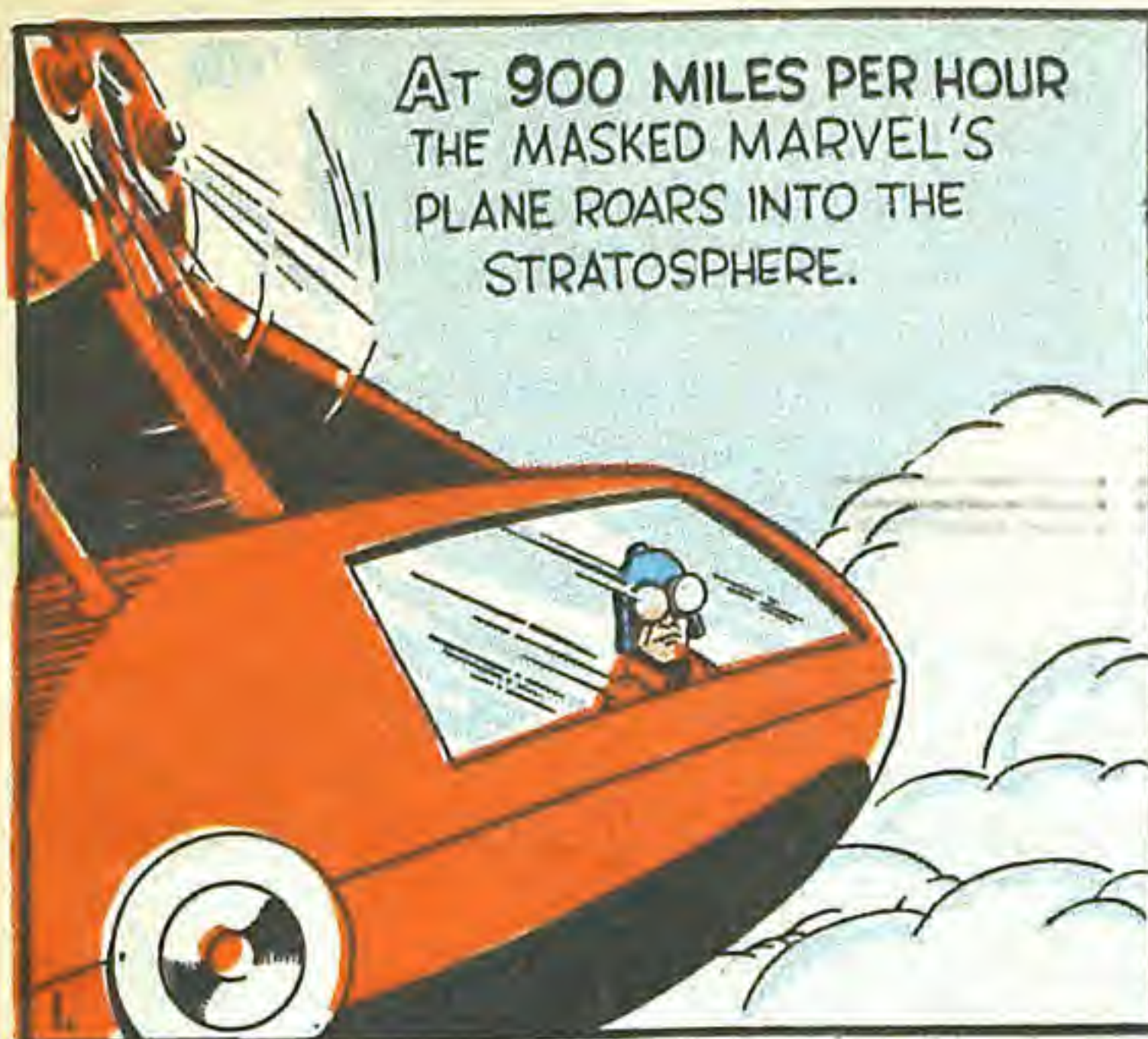
COME ON--THE
ISLAND'S OVER
HERE. LET'S
SWIM FOR
SHORE!

ZY AND ZL
REACH THE ISLAND
ON WHICH THE CROOKS
ARE HIDING.

ZR LANDS ON THE
ROCKY SHORE HALF
A MILE AWAY,
WHERE A PAIR
OF CRUEL EYES
WATCH HIM THROUGH
THE DARK SHADOWS

ZR ISN'T HERE!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO
ON WITHOUT HIM AND
TRY TO FOLLOW THE
SUBMARINE PARTY IN





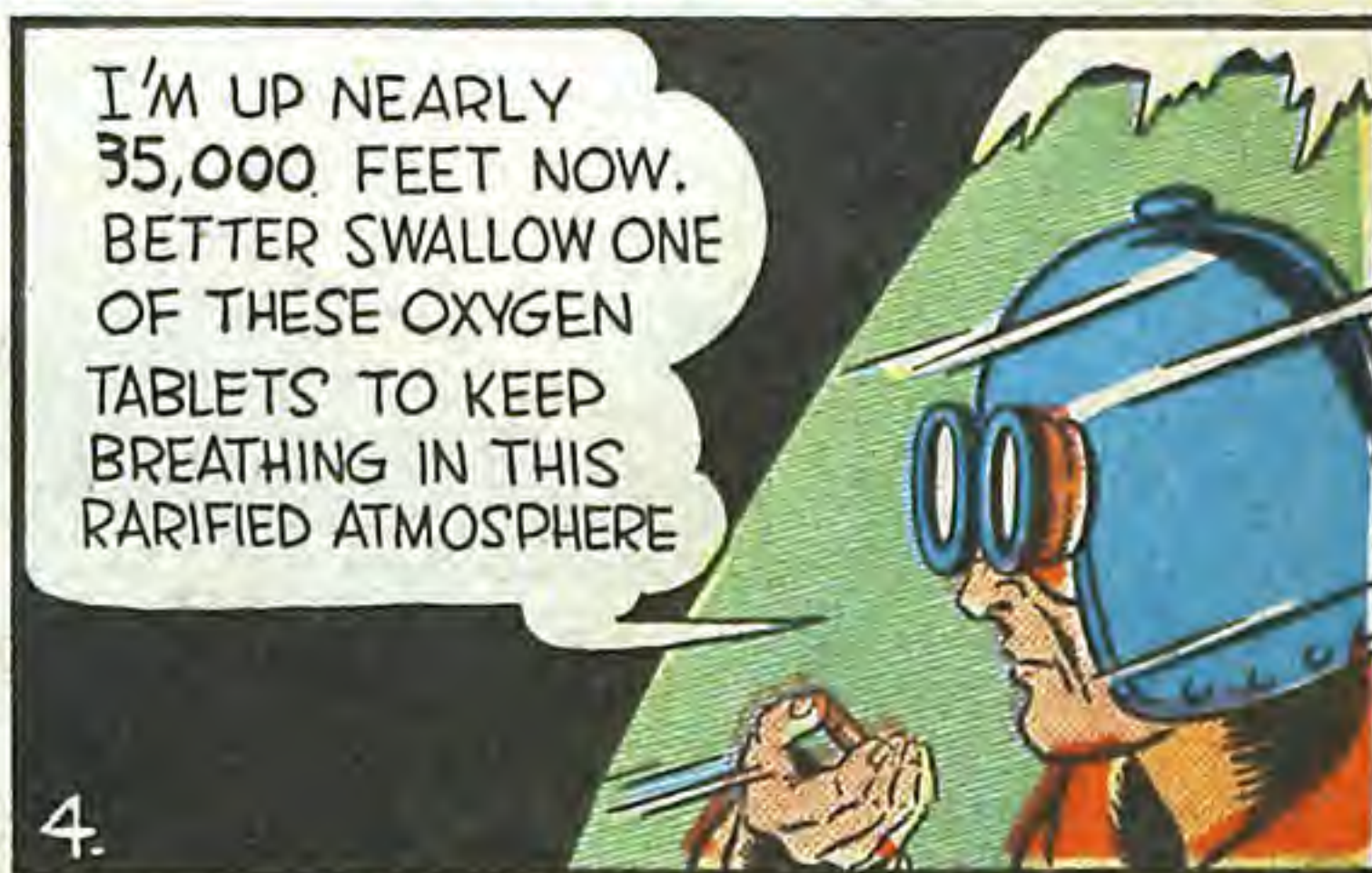
AT 900 MILES PER HOUR
THE MASKED MARVEL'S
PLANE ROARS INTO THE
STRATOSPHERE.



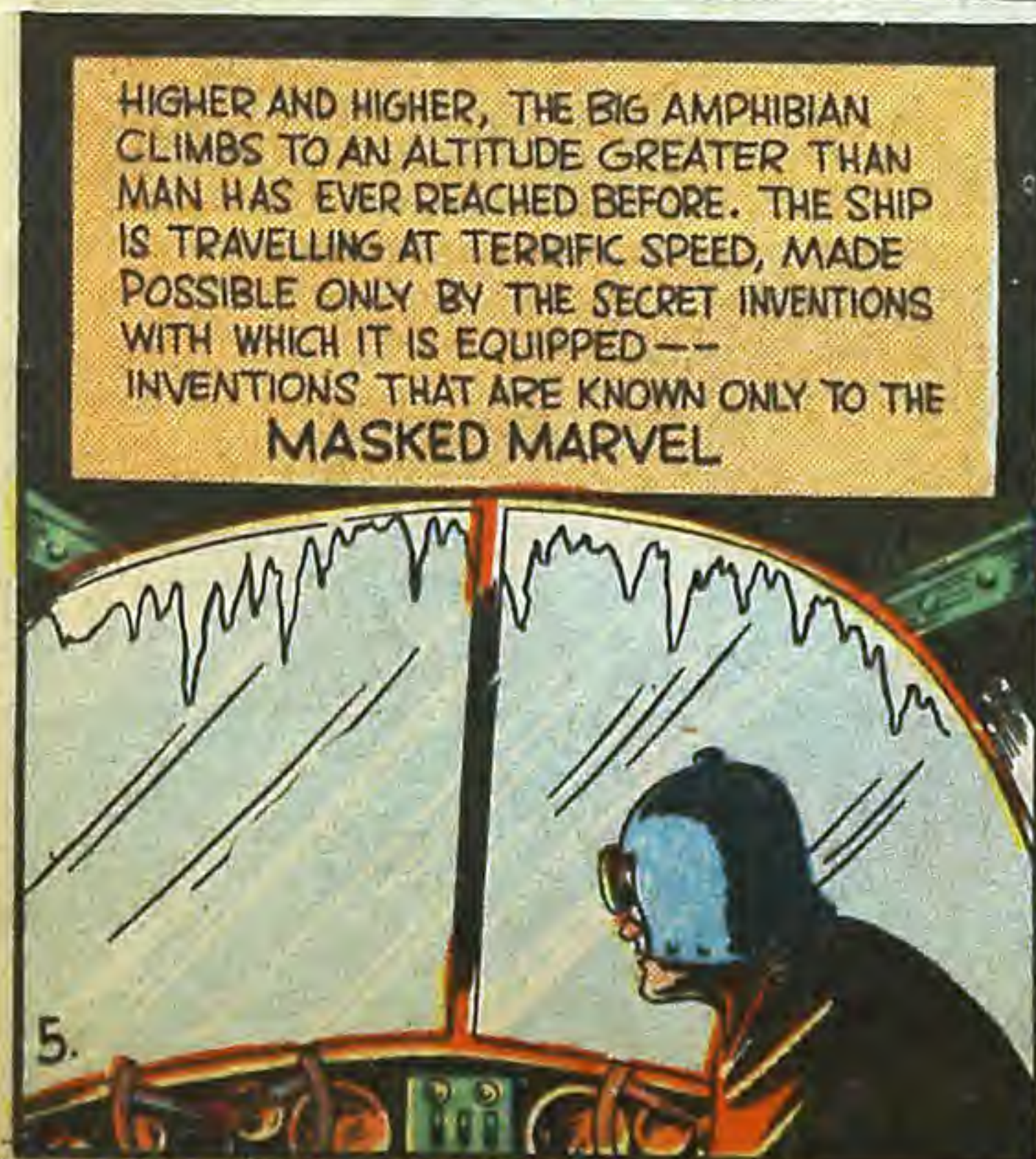
30,000 FEET!
I'LL HAVE TO GET
THE ICE OFF
THOSE WINGS!



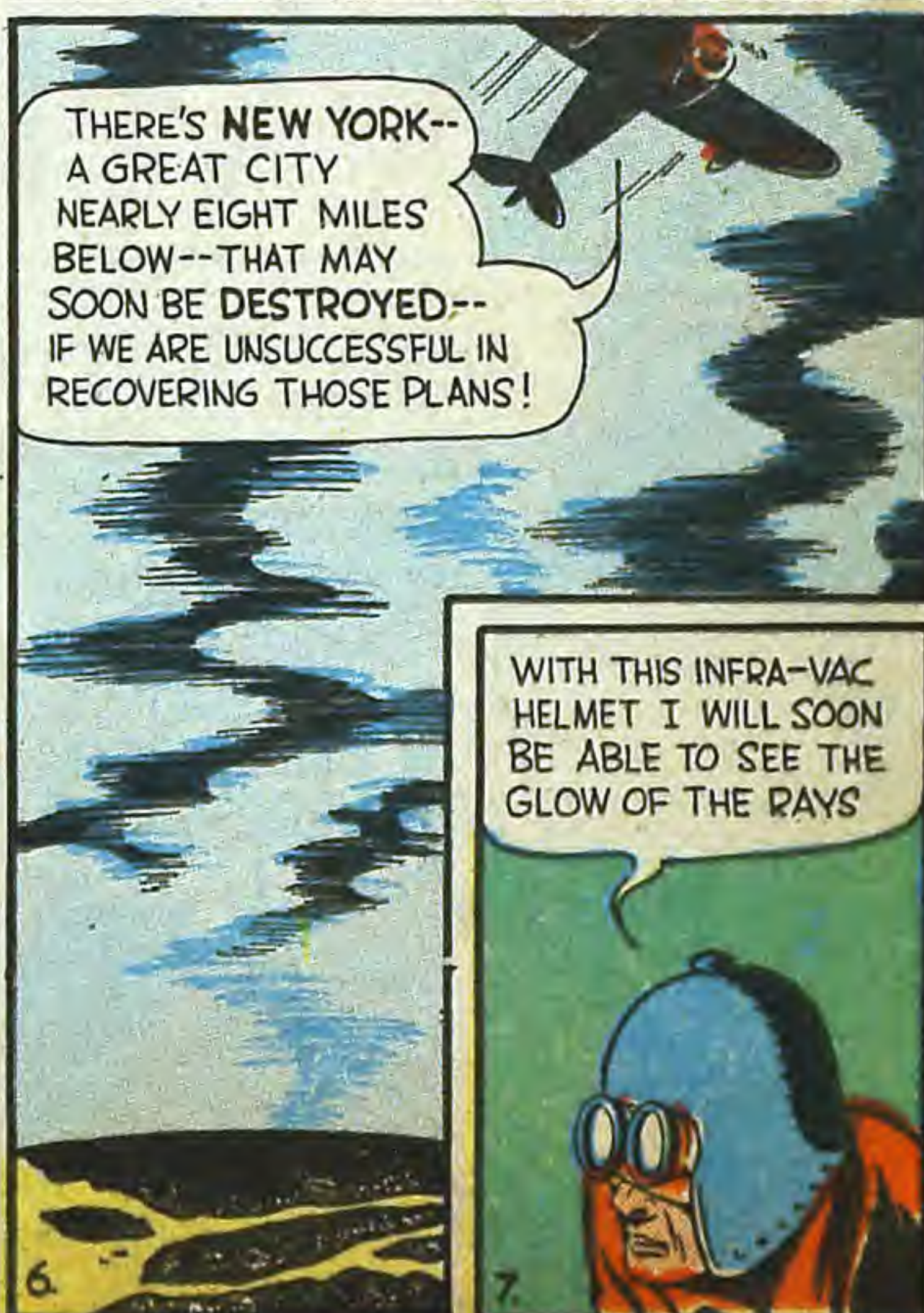
DE-ICING EQUIPMENT FREES THE PLANE,
WHILE THE TEMPERATURE, OUTSIDE THE
HEATED CABIN, DROPS TO 90 DEGREES
BELOW ZERO!



I'M UP NEARLY
35,000 FEET NOW.
BETTER SWALLOW ONE
OF THESE OXYGEN
TABLETS TO KEEP
BREATHING IN THIS
RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE



HIGHER AND HIGHER, THE BIG AMPHIBIAN
CLIMBS TO AN ALTITUDE GREATER THAN
MAN HAS EVER REACHED BEFORE. THE SHIP
IS TRAVELLING AT TERRIFIC SPEED, MADE
POSSIBLE ONLY BY THE SECRET INVENTIONS
WITH WHICH IT IS EQUIPPED --
INVENTIONS THAT ARE KNOWN ONLY TO THE
MASKED MARVEL



THERE'S NEW YORK--
A GREAT CITY
NEARLY EIGHT MILES
BELOW--THAT MAY
SOON BE DESTROYED--
IF WE ARE UNSUCCESSFUL IN
RECOVERING THOSE PLANS!

WITH THIS INFRA-VAC
HELMET I WILL SOON
BE ABLE TO SEE THE
GLOW OF THE RAYS



THERE THEY ARE! AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HIGHER THAN 50,000 FEET I'LL TRY AND REACH ZR ON HIS RADIO

THAT'S FUNNY -- NO ANSWER -- THEY SHOULD BE TRYING TO PICK ME UP NOW --



I'M 55,000 FEET IN THE AIR -- THIS IS THE HIGHEST THAT ANY MAN HAS EVER FLOWN ---AND STILL THESE RAYS CONTINUE!

3.



THE RAYS ARE SO THIN NOW THAT I CAN'T SEE THEM, EVEN WITH THE INFRA-VAC HELMET. LOOKS LIKE I CAN GET OVER.---SO, HERE GOES!

4.



UNABLE TO CONTACT HIS MEN, THE MASKED MARVEL, THROUGH HIS PSYCHIC POWER, LEARNS OF THEIR MISFORTUNE AND ALSO IS AWARE THAT A SMALL BOAT FROM THE SUBMARINE IS NEARING THE ISLAND! PUTTING HIS PLANE INTO A STEEP CLIMB HE DETERMINES TO TRY AND RISE ABOVE THE WALL OF RAYS!

2.



THE PLANE CRASHES AGAINST THE RAYS WITH SUCH FORCE THAT EVEN THE MASKED MARVEL IS STUNNED AND THE BIG SHIP FALLS THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE --- OUT OF CONTROL!

5.

ON THE ISLAND, ZY AND ZL HEAR THE SOUND OF A LAUNCH THAT THEY BELIEVE CARRIES THE LANDING PARTY TO SHORE

THERE'S THE SUBMARINE PARTY

BUT - IT'S GOING BACK. THAT MEANS SOMEONE HAS LANDED!



A LIGHT! AND THREE MEN. WE CAN FOLLOW THEM THROUGH THE RAYS!



ZR,
ALONE ON THE BEACH, STEPS QUICKLY INTO THE BUSHES WHEN HE SPOTS AN APPROACHING FIGURE!

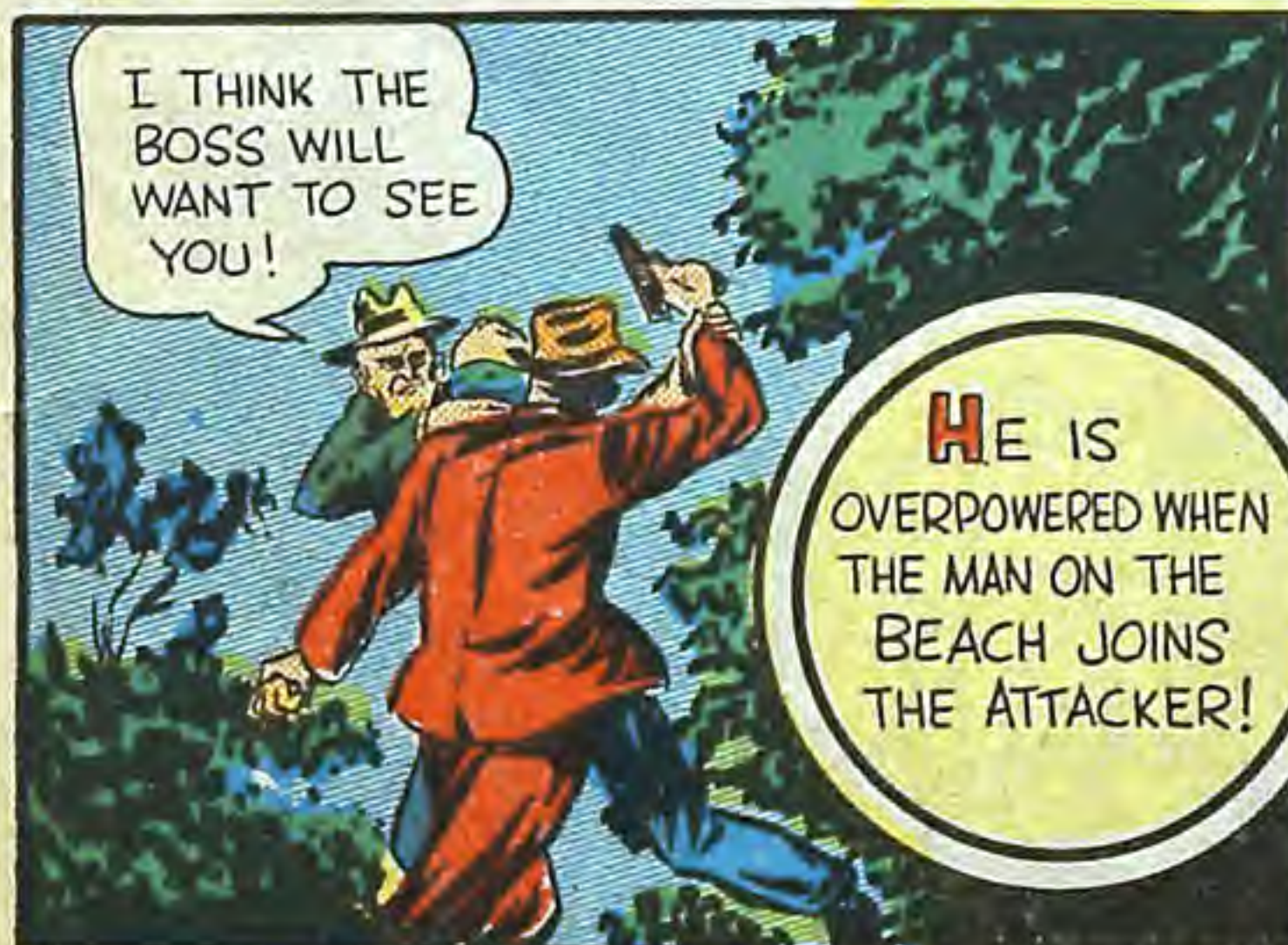


WITHOUT WARNING, A PAIR OF STRONG HANDS GRAB ZR BY THE THROAT!



I THINK THE BOSS WILL WANT TO SEE YOU!

HE IS OVERPOWERED WHEN THE MAN ON THE BEACH JOINS THE ATTACKER!



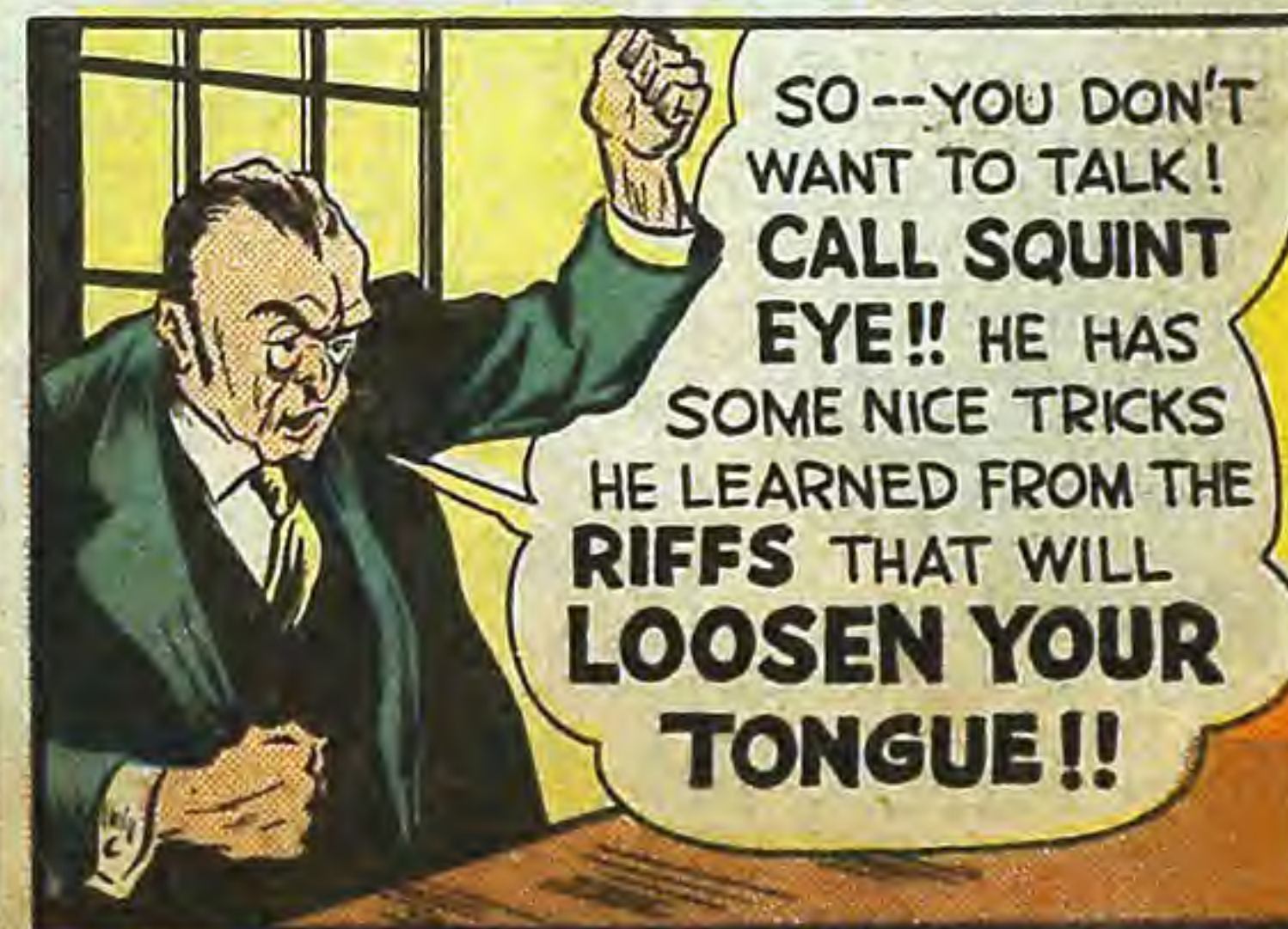
STEP ALONG THERE, YOU IN THE PRETTY GREEN MASK! AND REMEMBER, MY TRIGGER FINGER IS NERVOUS!



LOOK, COMMANDER -- A VISITOR! SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHO YOU ARE!



SO -- YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK! CALL SQUINT EYE!! HE HAS SOME NICE TRICKS HE LEARNED FROM THE RIFFS THAT WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!!





CAREFUL, NOW--
WE DON'T WANT
TO BE DISCOVERED!

ZY AND ZL HAVE
TRAILED THE MEN
TO THE GANG'S
HEADQUARTERS



THERE --
IN THAT ROOM--
IT'S ZR!
BOUND TO
A CHAIR !!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A
BACK ENTRANCE...
**WE'LL TRY
IT!**



WHEN ZY TOUCHES
THE DOOR KNOB,
A TRAP-DOOR OPENS
AND BOTH DROP INTO
A DUNGEON!

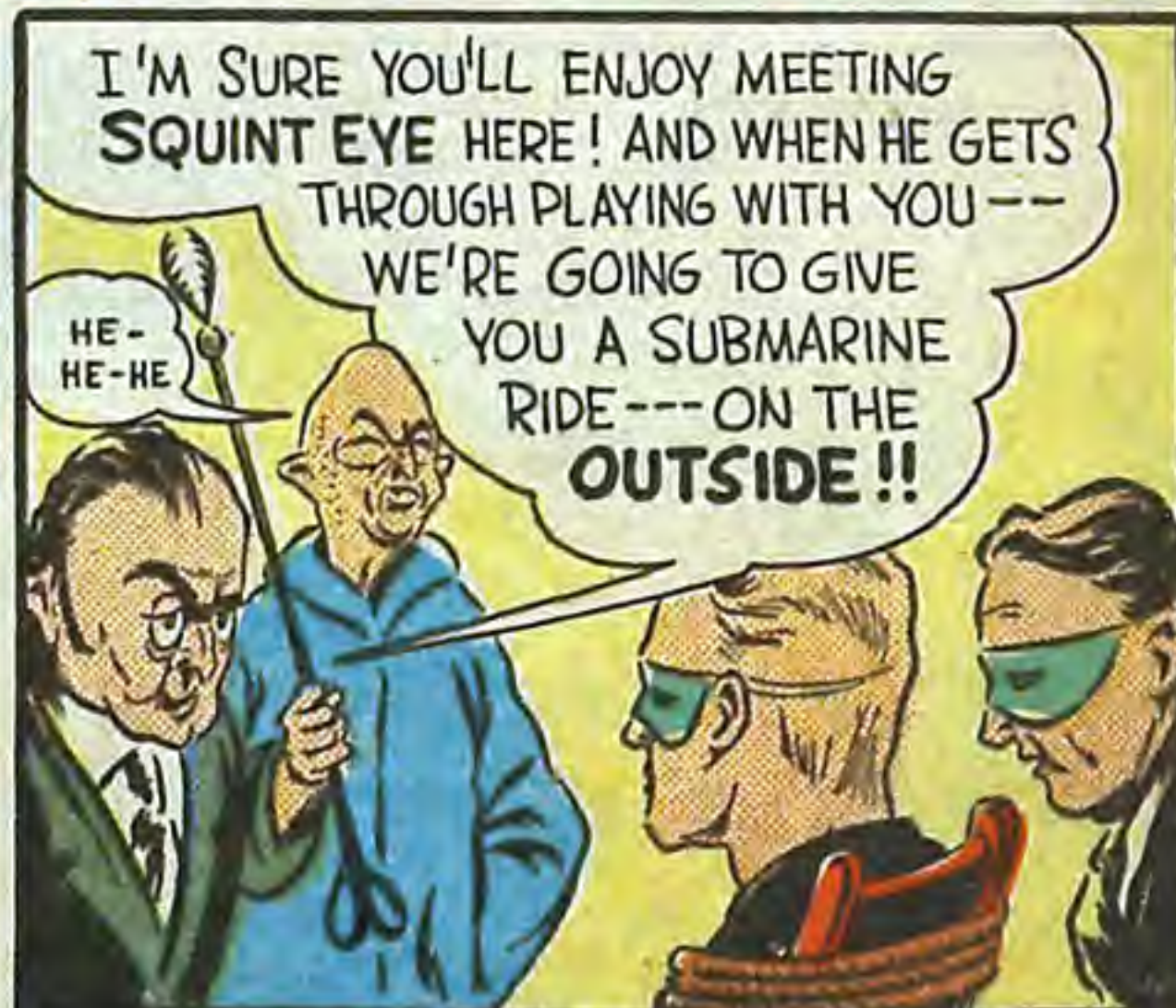


**THE ALARM!
MORE
COMPANY!**



YOU'LL
NEVER GET
AWAY WITH
THIS

GET IN THAT
ROOM WITH
YOUR FRIEND



I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY MEETING
SQUINT EYE HERE! AND WHEN HE GETS
THROUGH PLAYING WITH YOU --
WE'RE GOING TO GIVE
YOU A SUBMARINE
RIDE --- ON THE
OUTSIDE !!

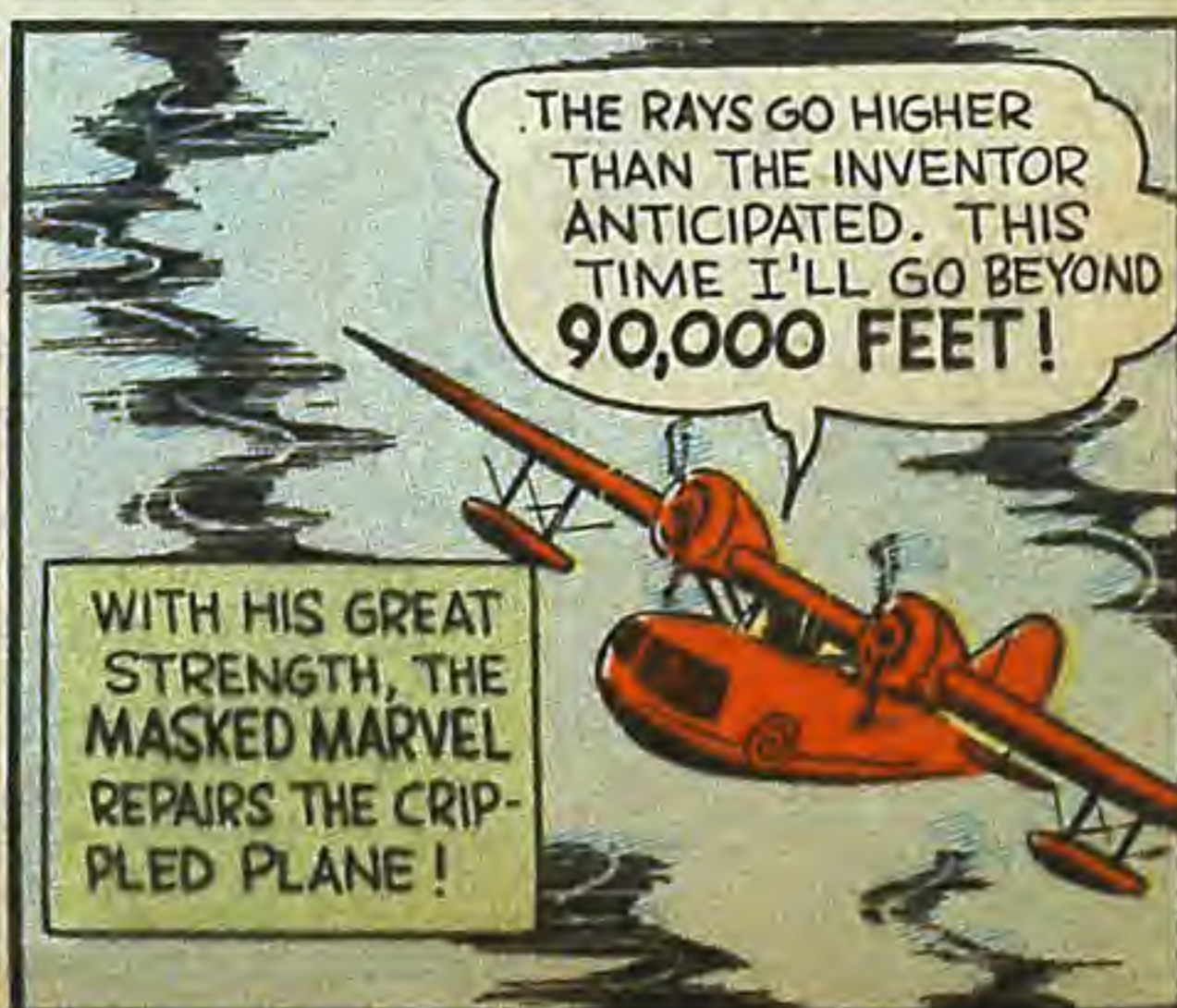
HE-
HE-HE

BACK UP IN THE
STRATOSPHERE THE
MASKED MARVEL
HAS REGAINED
CONTROL OF HIS PLANE,
WHICH WAS DAMAGED
BADLY BY THE CRASH
AGAINST THE RAYS.

HE HAS CLIMBED
OUT OF THE PLANE
TO STRAIGHTEN BENT
METAL PARTS ON
THE TAIL ASSEMBLY!



UNLESS I GET
THIS RUDDER FIXED
I CAN'T GET OVER
THE RAYS!



THE RAYS GO HIGHER
THAN THE INVENTOR
ANTICIPATED. THIS
TIME I'LL GO BEYOND
90,000 FEET!

WITH HIS GREAT
STRENGTH, THE
MASKED MARVEL
REPAIRS THE CRIP-
PLED PLANE!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE PLANE TRIES TO REACH THE TOP OF THE RAYS, STRUGGLING THROUGH THE RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE. FINALLY, AT MORE THAN 90,000 FEET, IT IS OVER!



DROPPING TO 10,000 FEET, THE MASKED MARVEL QUICKLY SLIPS INTO A PARACHUTE.



ADJUSTING THE PLANE'S CONTROLS FOR STATIONARY FLIGHT, HE LEAPS INTO THE SKY!



THE MASKED MARVEL LANDS QUIETLY NEAR THE GANG'S PLANE



HE QUICKLY INSPECTS THE PLANE AND HURRIES TOWARD THE HOUSE



RELEASE MY MEN AT ONCE AND GIVE ME THOSE PLANS!

THE RED SHADOW!
THE MASKED MARVEL IS HERE!

IN TERROR, THE GANG
RUSH TO AN UNDERGROUND
PASSAGE!



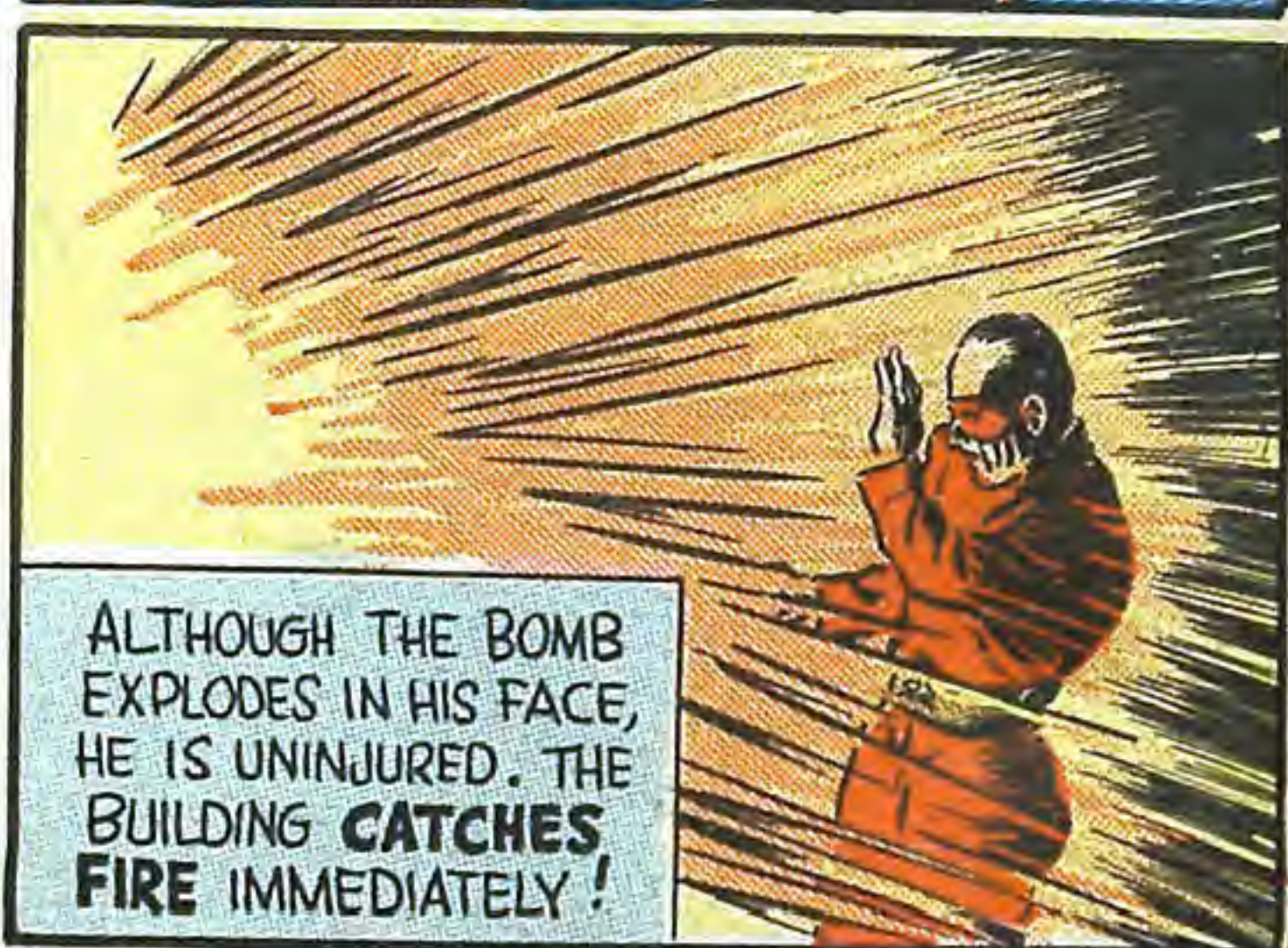
WITH ONE
BLOW, THE
**MASKED
MARVEL**
FELLS SQUINT
EYE AND
RELEASES
HIS MEN



A HAND-GRENADE
IS THROWN AT THE
MASKED MARVEL



ALTHOUGH THE BOMB
EXPLODES IN HIS FACE,
HE IS UNINJURED. THE
BUILDING **CATCHES**
FIRE IMMEDIATELY!



ZR - THE PLANS
ARE IN THERE. GET
THEM AND FOLLOW
US!



ZY AND ZL DASH
TO THE LANDING
FIELD AFTER THE
**MASKED
MARVEL**
WHO IS --



- BRINGING THE PLANE
TO EARTH BY THOUGHT
TRANSMISSION TO THE
DELICATE APPARATUS HE
HAS BUILT
INTO THE
SHIP!



ZR, WITH THE BURNED PLANS, RACES TO THE WAITING PLANE JUST AS THE GANG COME OUT OF THE FLAMING BUILDING



NOT KNOWING THAT THE MASKED MARVEL HAS REMOVED THE EQUIPMENT THAT WILL PENETRATE THE RAYS AND HAS PUT IT ON HIS OWN PLANE, THEY START IN PURSUIT WHEN HE FAILS TO CRASH.



THE SHIP AND ITS EVIL CREW PLUNGE INTO THE RAYS AND ARE DESTROYED!

MEN, WE HAVE THE PLANS, BUT THEY'RE WORTHLESS! THE VITAL PARTS ARE BURNED TOO BADLY TO BE OF VALUE AND THE INVENTOR'S EQUIPMENT IS LOST IN THE FIRE. BUT, AT LEAST WE'VE PREVENTED THEM FROM BEING USED AGAINST HUMANITY!



STOP THEM! SHOOT THEM DOWN!

WAIT!! THEY'LL CRASH AGAINST THE RAYS!!



FLASH!

BOYS AND GIRLS—

DO YOU WANT ONE OF THE MASKED MARVEL'S RED MASKS?



UNCLE JOE WANTS TO KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THE MASKED MARVEL, SO WRITE HIM AND ENCLOSE A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND FOR EACH LETTER ABOUT THE MASKED MARVEL A RED MASK WILL BE SENT FREE IN YOUR OWN STAMPED ENVELOPE. ADDRESS YOUR LETTER CARE OF CENTAUR PUBLICATIONS, INC., 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

MORE OF THE MASKED MARVEL'S ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH!

GABBY FLYNN

LOOK, LONGFELLOW, I'VE BEEN ART DIRECTOR OF THIS PAPER FOR TEN YEARS AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOUSIER SET OF PHOTOGRAPHS! WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO SELLING INSURANCE?

MY PROFESSIONAL PRIDE HAS BEEN ASSAULTED TOO MUCH, MY DEAR BURKE! YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU TURNED DOWN THE TWO BEST ZOO PHOTOS IN EXISTENCE! GOOD DAY, SIR!

by *Sam*
ERST



2. GREETINGS, FELLA! WHY THE ONE LONG PAN?

I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN OUR ERSTWHILE ART DIRECTOR GRACES OUR PAPER WITH HIS OBIT!



3. HE HAD THE CRASS NERVE TO REJECT TWO OF THE FINEST PICS I EVER MADE! HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT 'EM... AND DON'T SPARE THE SUPERLATIVES!

HOLD EVERYTHING, THERE'S THE PHONE!



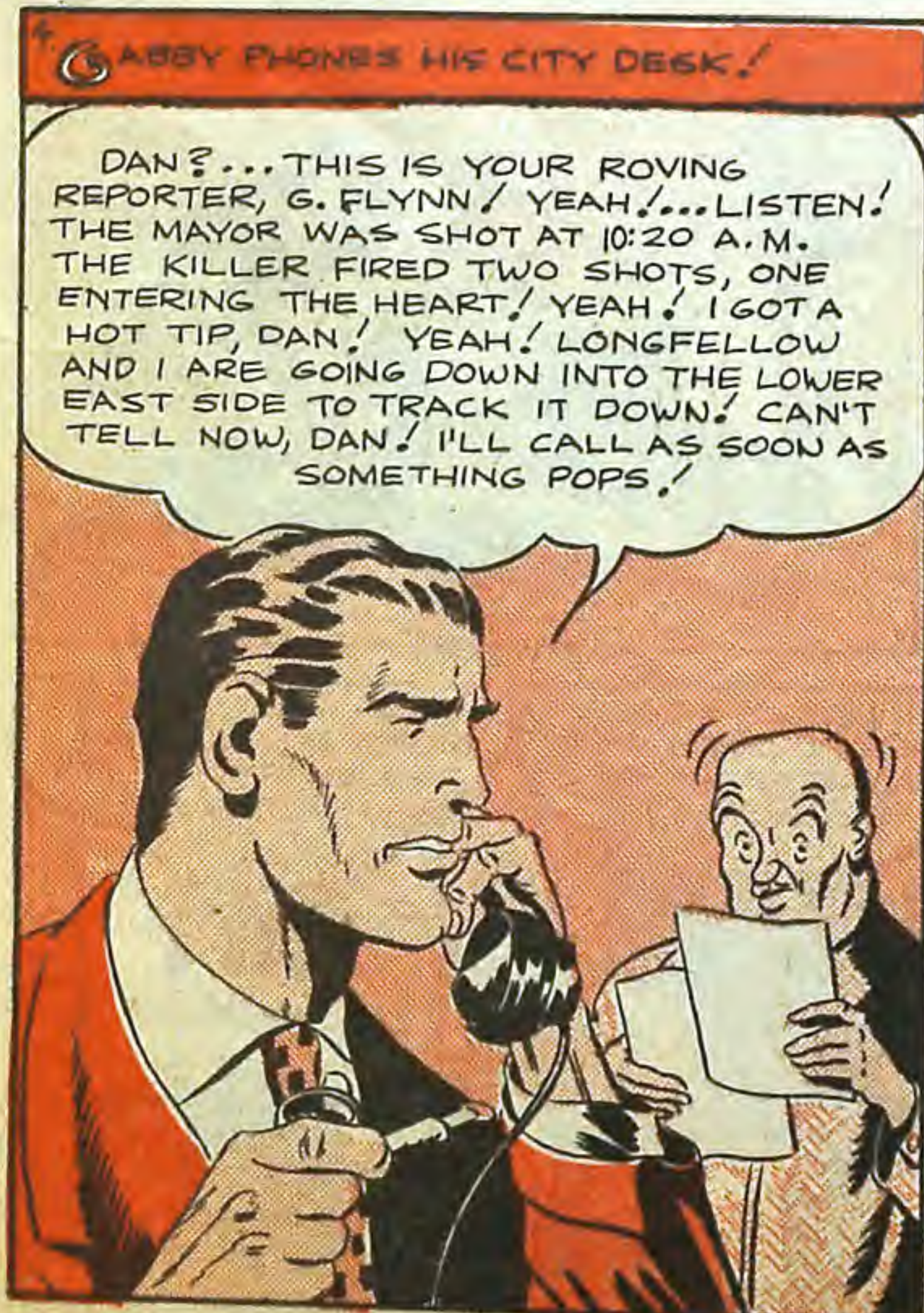
4. HOLY SMOKE! MAYOR LUNDIGAN WAS JUST SHOT AND KILLED IN THE LOBBY OF CITY HALL! GABBY, TAKE LONGFELLOW AND GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!!



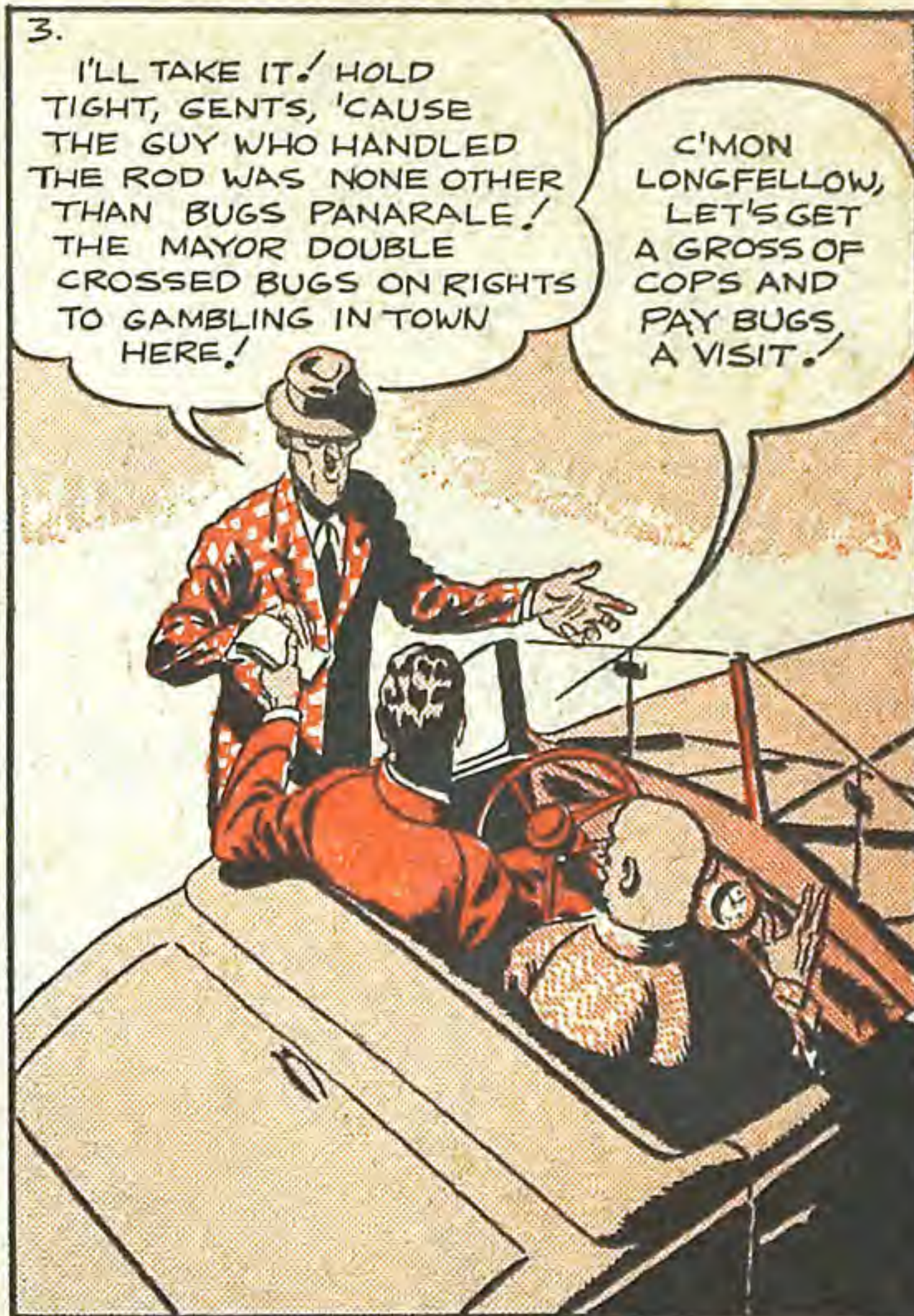
5. AREN'T YA GOIN' TO LOOK AT THESE ZOO PICS, CHIEF?

ZOO PICS!! WHY YOU OVERGROWN ELEPHANT!... I WANT PICTURES OF THAT SLAYING!! NOW GET OUT!!









1. BUGS PANARALE IS TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING AND GABBY AND LONGFELLOW REPORT BACK TO THEIR PAPER.

IN A PROGRESSIVE COUNTRY SUCH AS THIS MY BEST WORK HAS TO GO UNHERALDED BECAUSE OF A LOUSY ART DIRECTOR!

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?



2. BUGS DID IT, DAN! I'M POSITIVE! HE HAD EVERY REASON IN THE WORLD TO BUMP THE MAYOR!

I'LL CALL SERGEANT GRIM AND SEE IF BUGS CRACKED YET!



3. IT'S NO GO, GABBY! GRIM SAYS BUGS' ALIBI IS AIR TIGHT... REPUTABLE WITNESSES PUT HIM IN FRONT OF THE EIGHT BALL!



4. AS MAN TO MAN, CHIEF, I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THESE ZOO PICS AND GIVE ME YOUR HONEST OPINION!

LATER, LONGFELLOW, DON'T BOTHER US NOW!



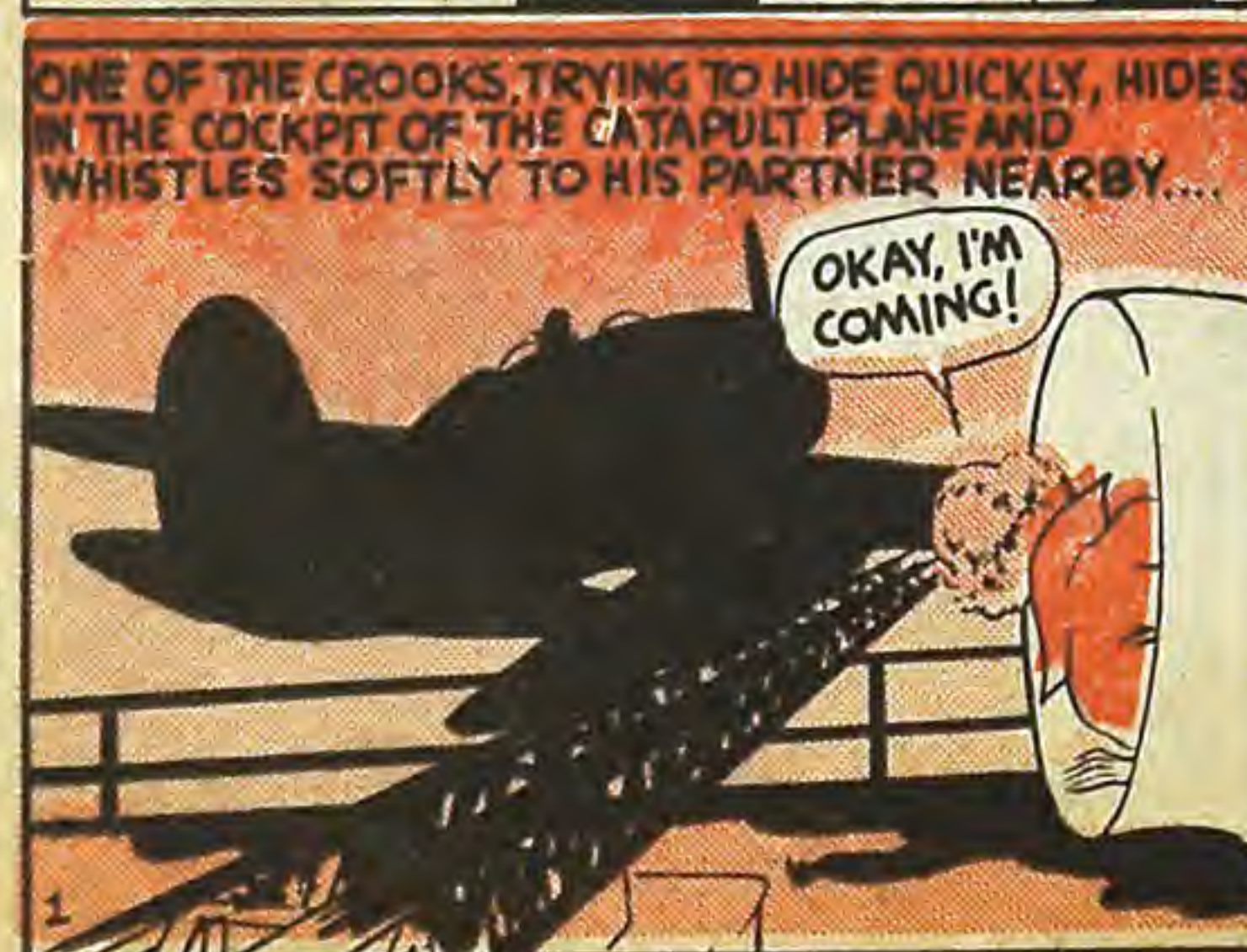
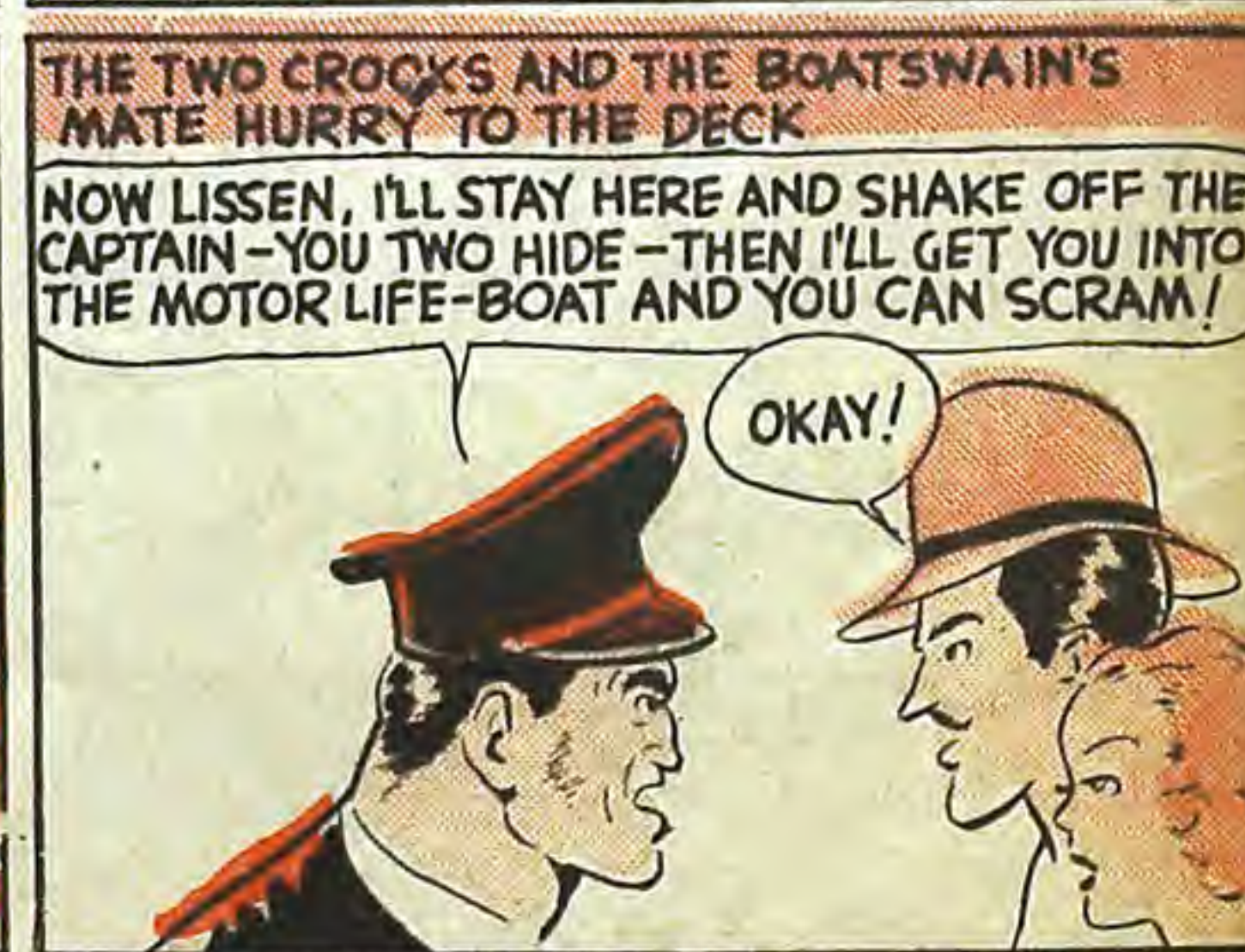
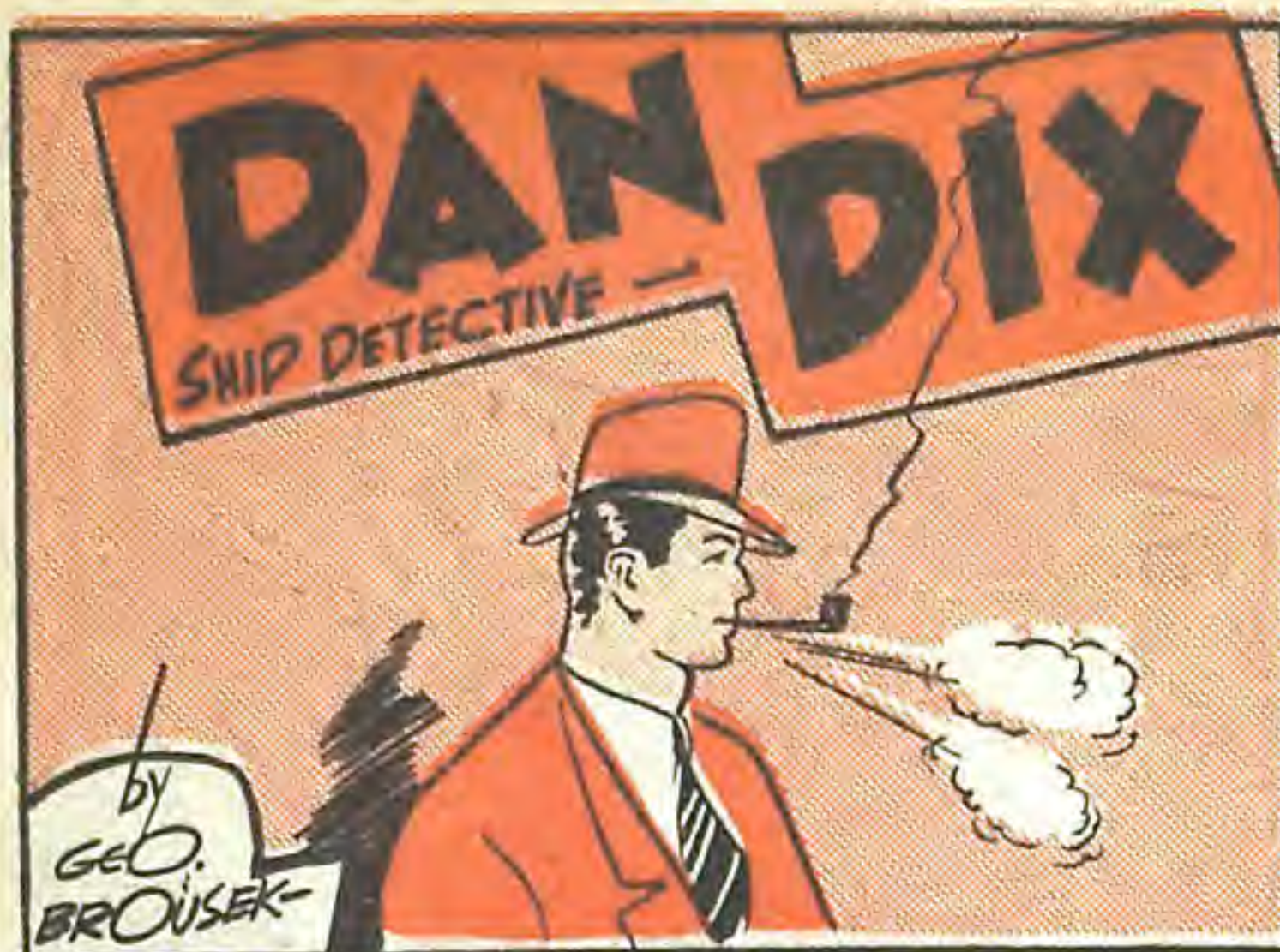
GAD! SUCH COMPOSITION... AND THOSE SHADOWS MELTING INTO THE BACKGROUND... HEY! WHAT'S THIS??

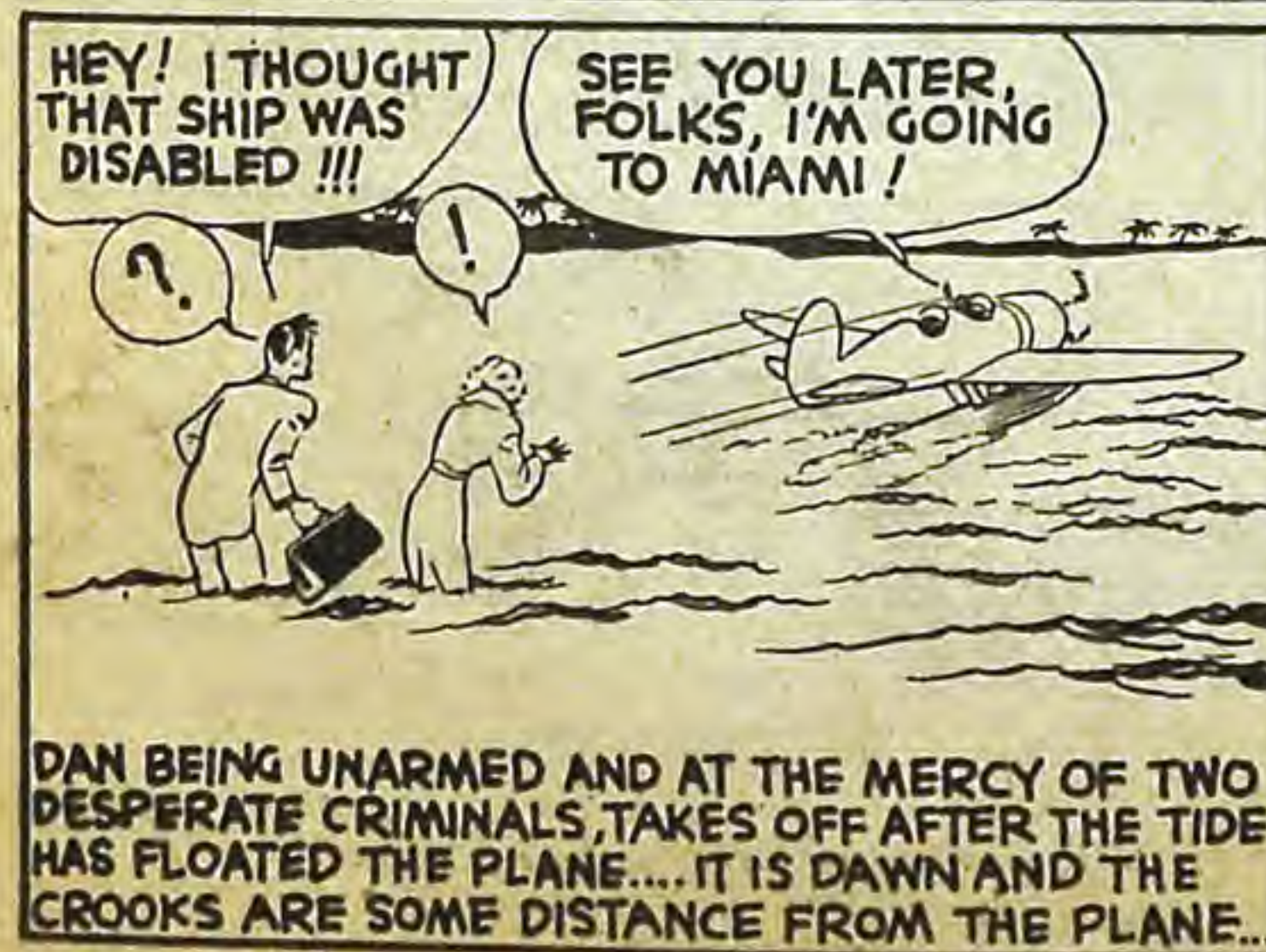
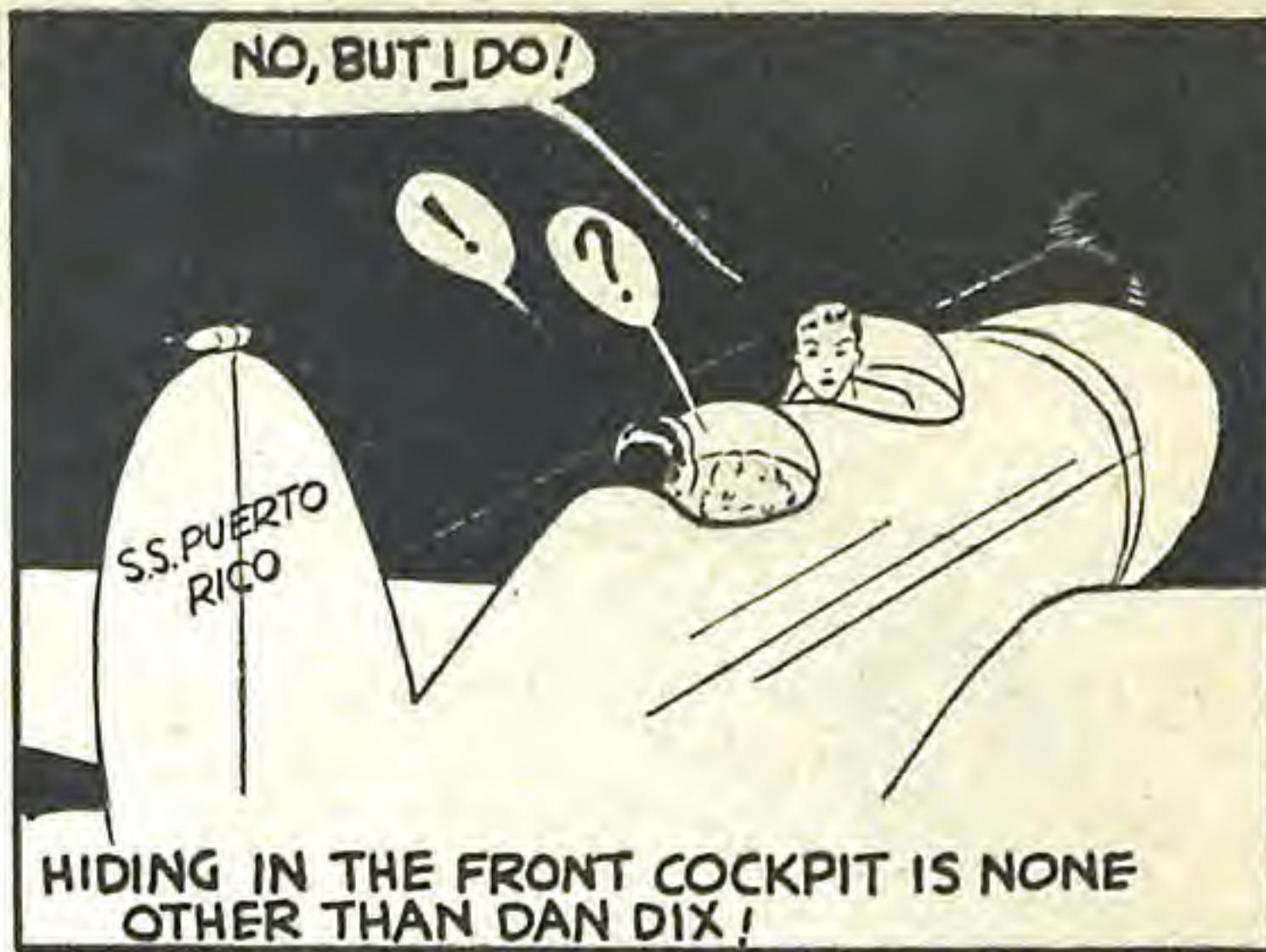


6. WOW! AND BURKE SAID I SHOULD GO BACK TO SELLING INSURANCE!

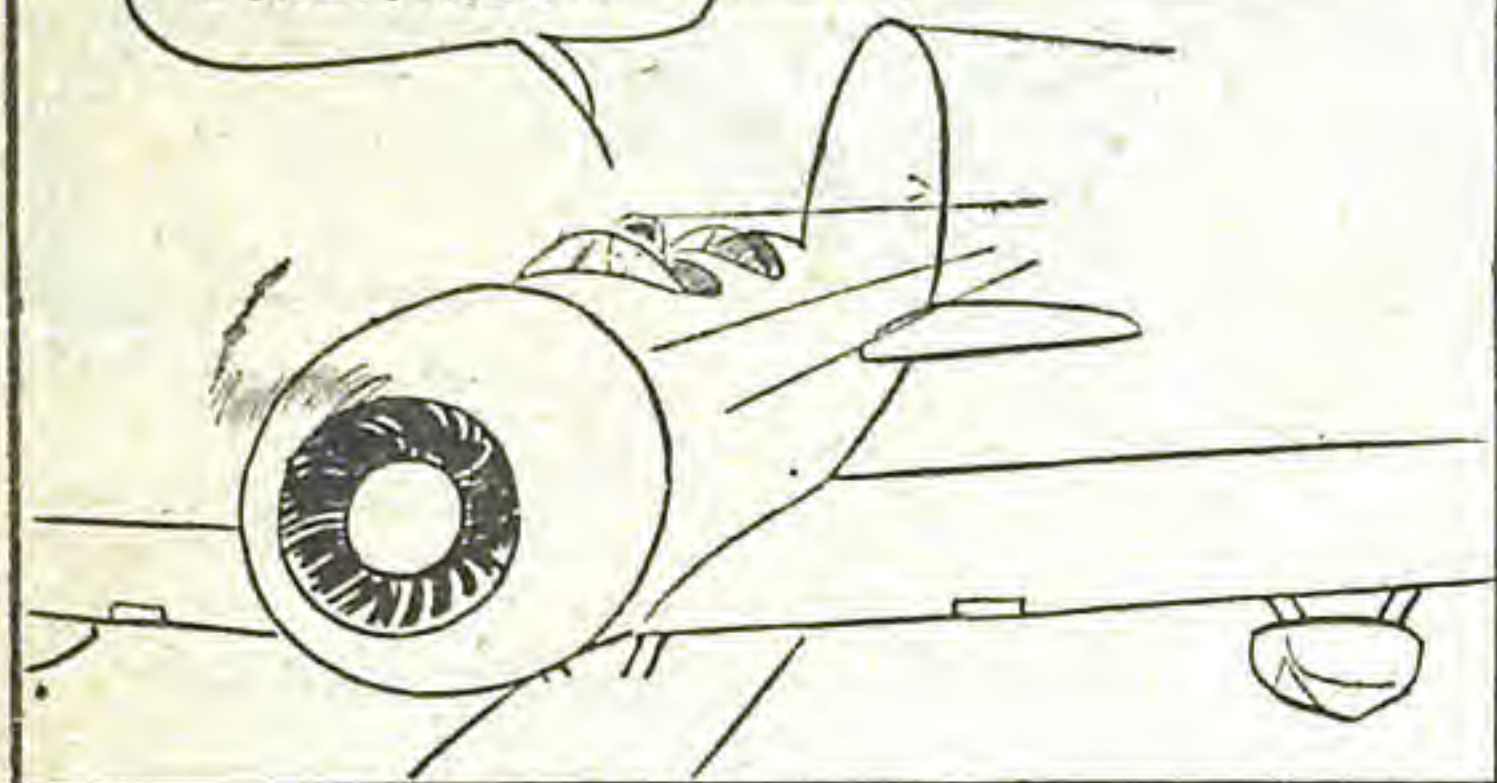








NOW TO GET TO THE COAST GUARDS AND MAKE THE PINCH! THE CAPTAIN'S INSOMNIA SURE CAME IN HANDY — HE WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THE CROOKS ROBBING THE SAFE OTHERWISE....



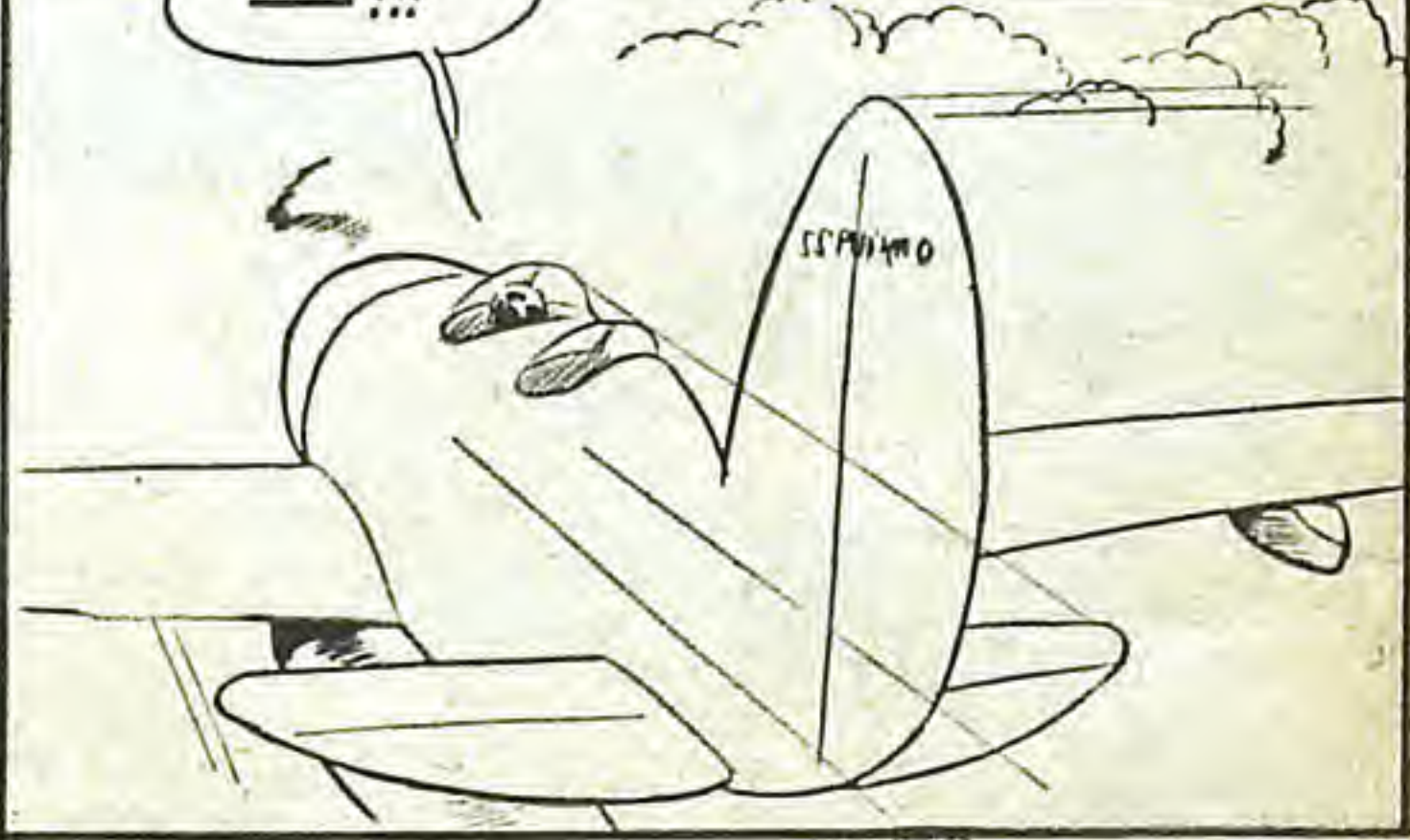
THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING CASES I'VE EVER WORKED ON.... I'M GLAD THE CAPTAIN WOKE ME UP INSTEAD OF TRYING TO HANDLE THE CASE HIMSELF...



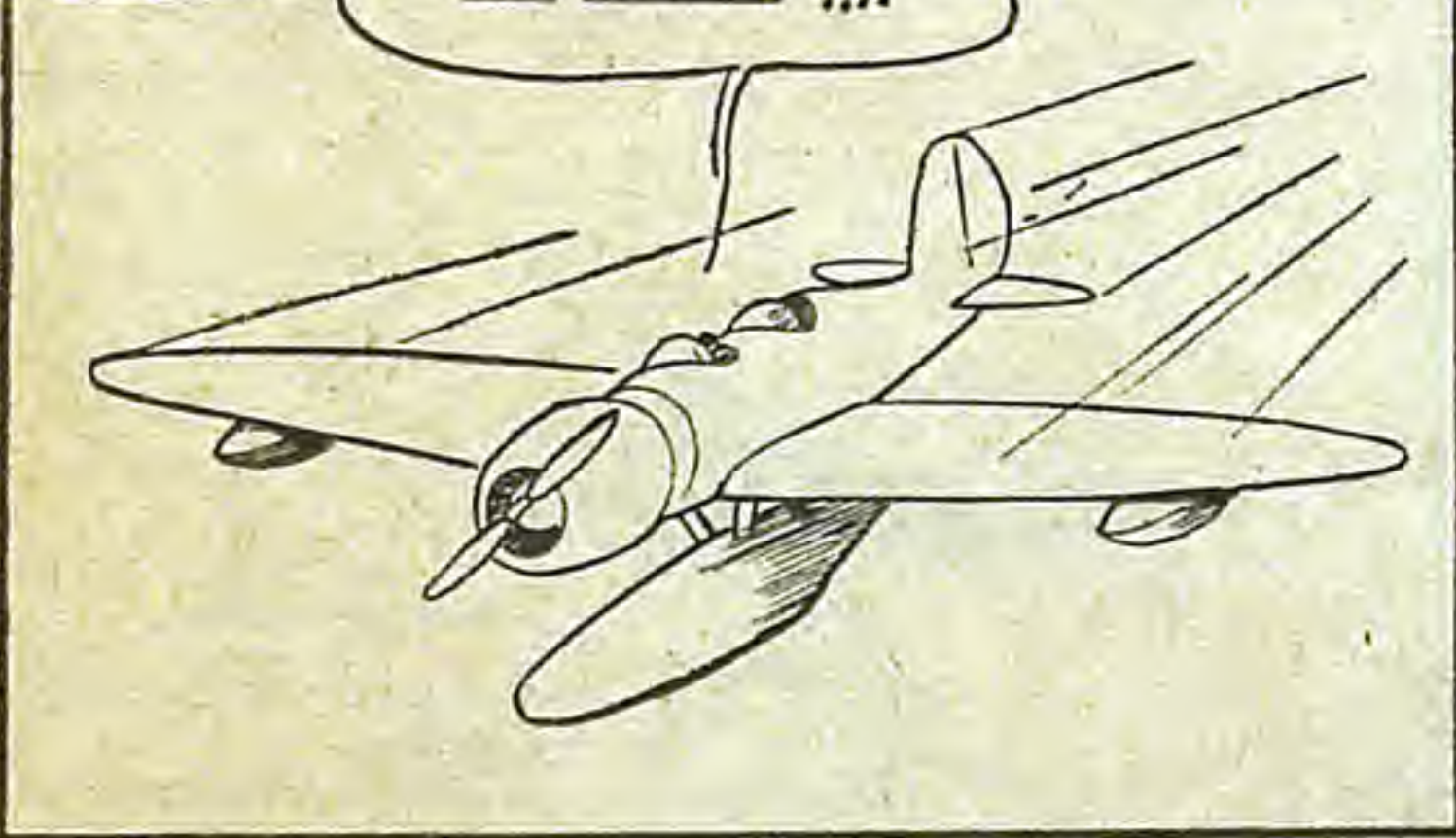
...AND IT'S A GOOD THING I HAPPENED TO HIDE IN THE PLANE WHEN I HEARD THE CROOKS COMING UP ON DECK — TOO BAD I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET MY GUN, THO' — I SHOULDN'T HAVE COUNTED ON THE CAPTAIN HAVING A GUN —



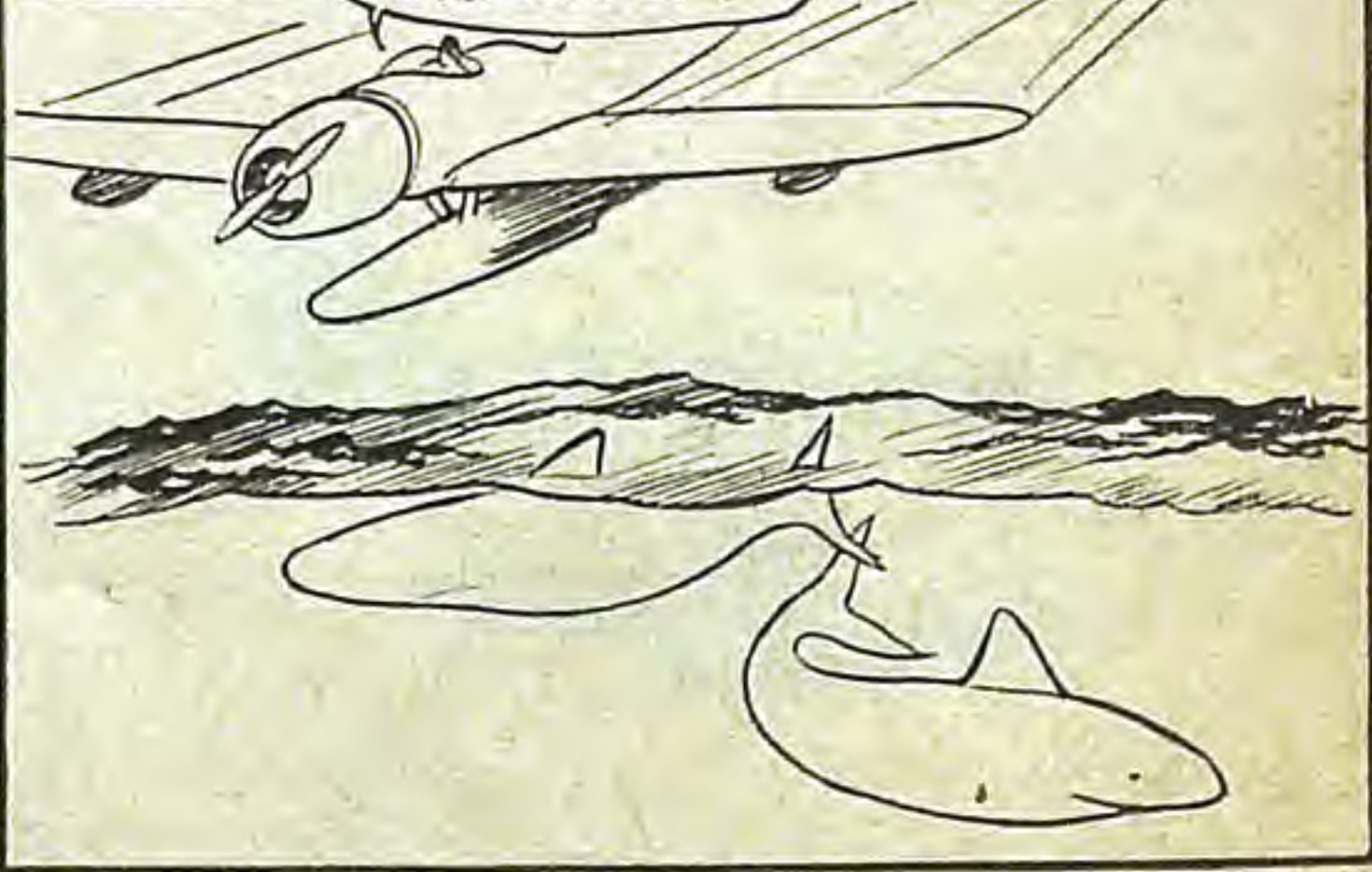
HOLD ON HERE! WHAT'S THAT NOISE IN THE ENGINE.....? WHY, I'M OUTTA GAS !!!



GOSH! THIS IS A MESS! I'M MILES AWAY FROM LAND, TOO! AND THIS SHIP HAS NO RADIO !!!!



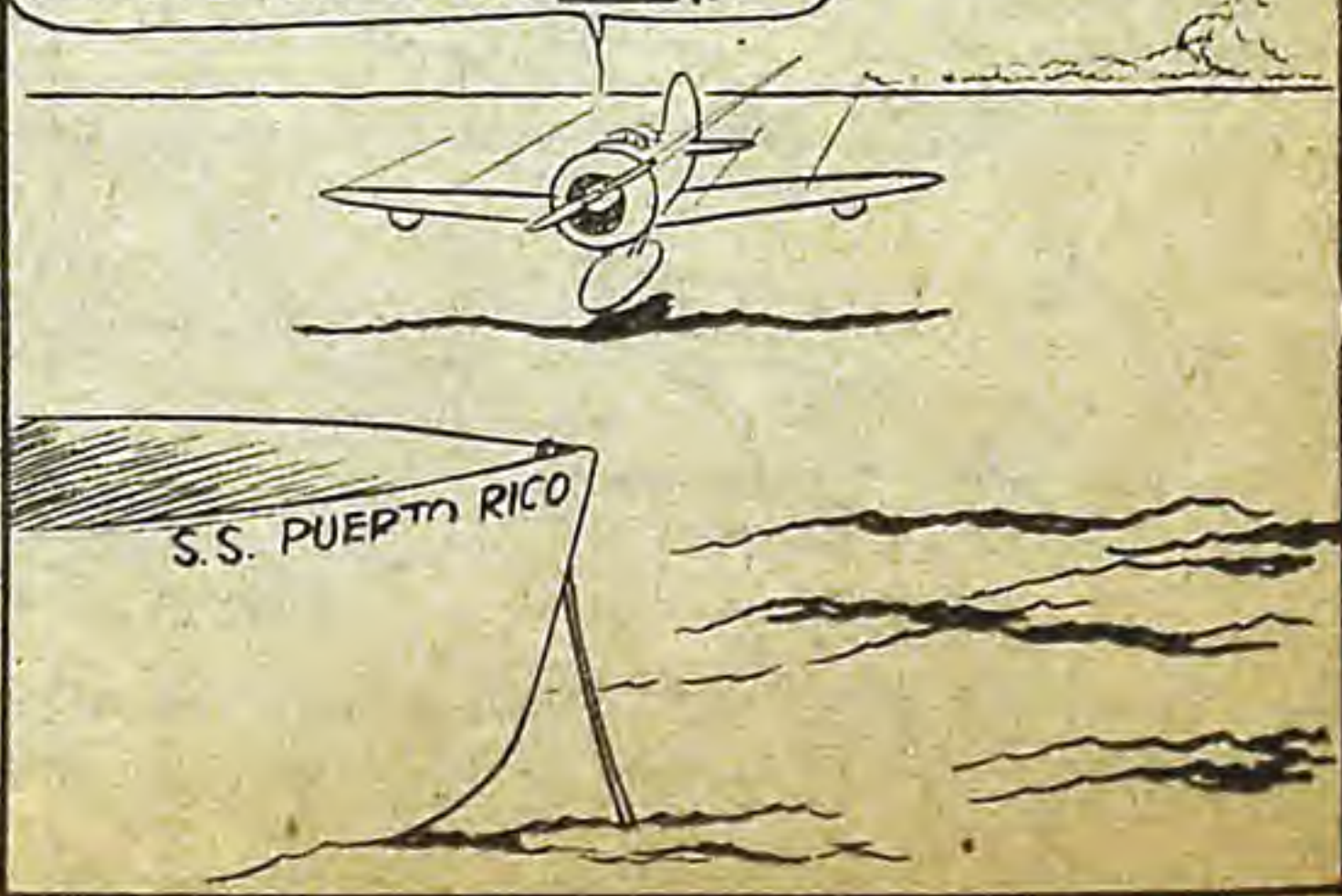
SHARKS !! BOY, I'M IN FOR IT IF I CRACK UP!



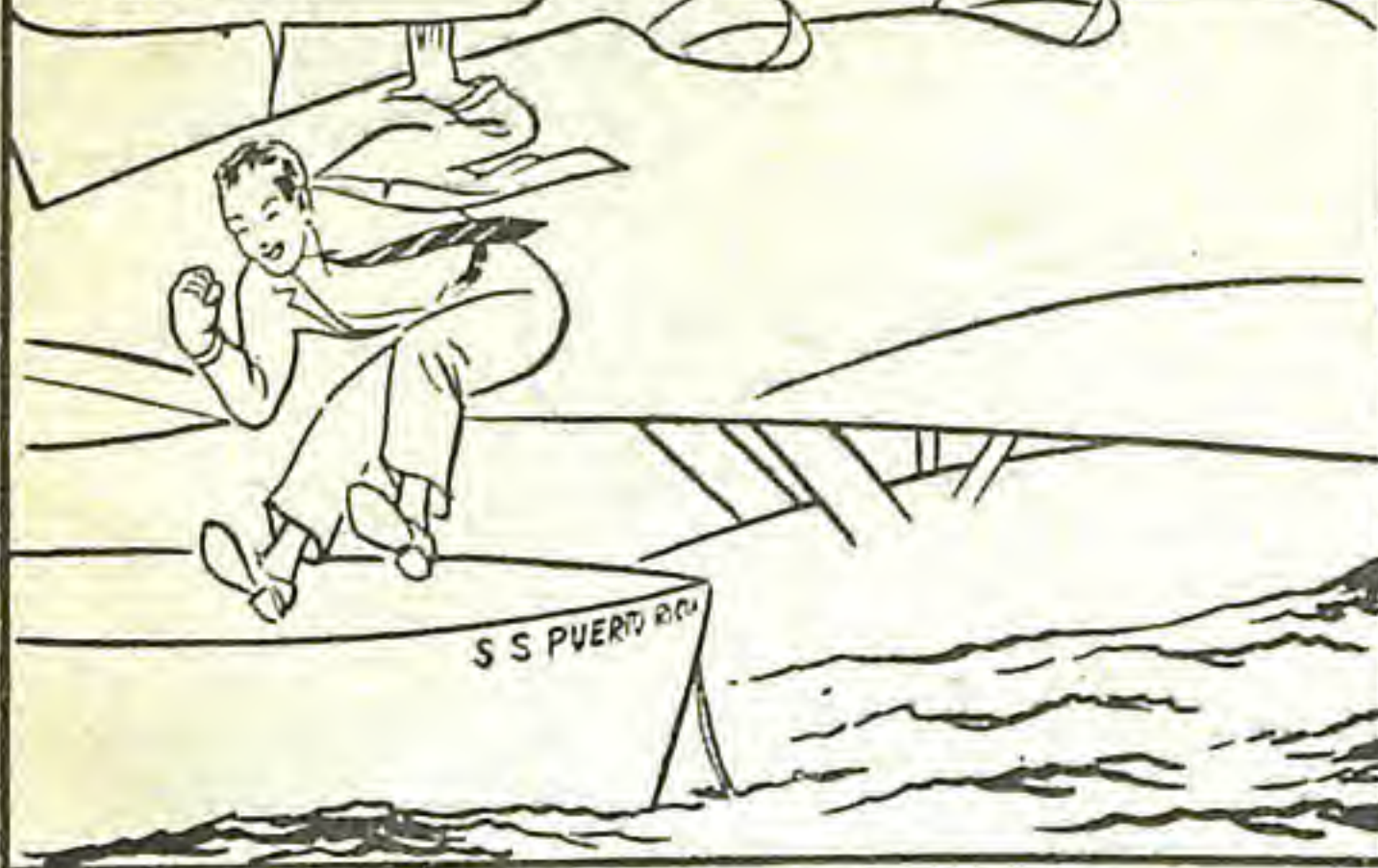
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THAT FLOATING OVER THERE.....? WHY.... IT'S... NO IT CAN'T BE..... IT IS!!! IT'S THE LIFE BOAT THE CROOKS WANTED TO MAKE A GETAWAY IN !!!!



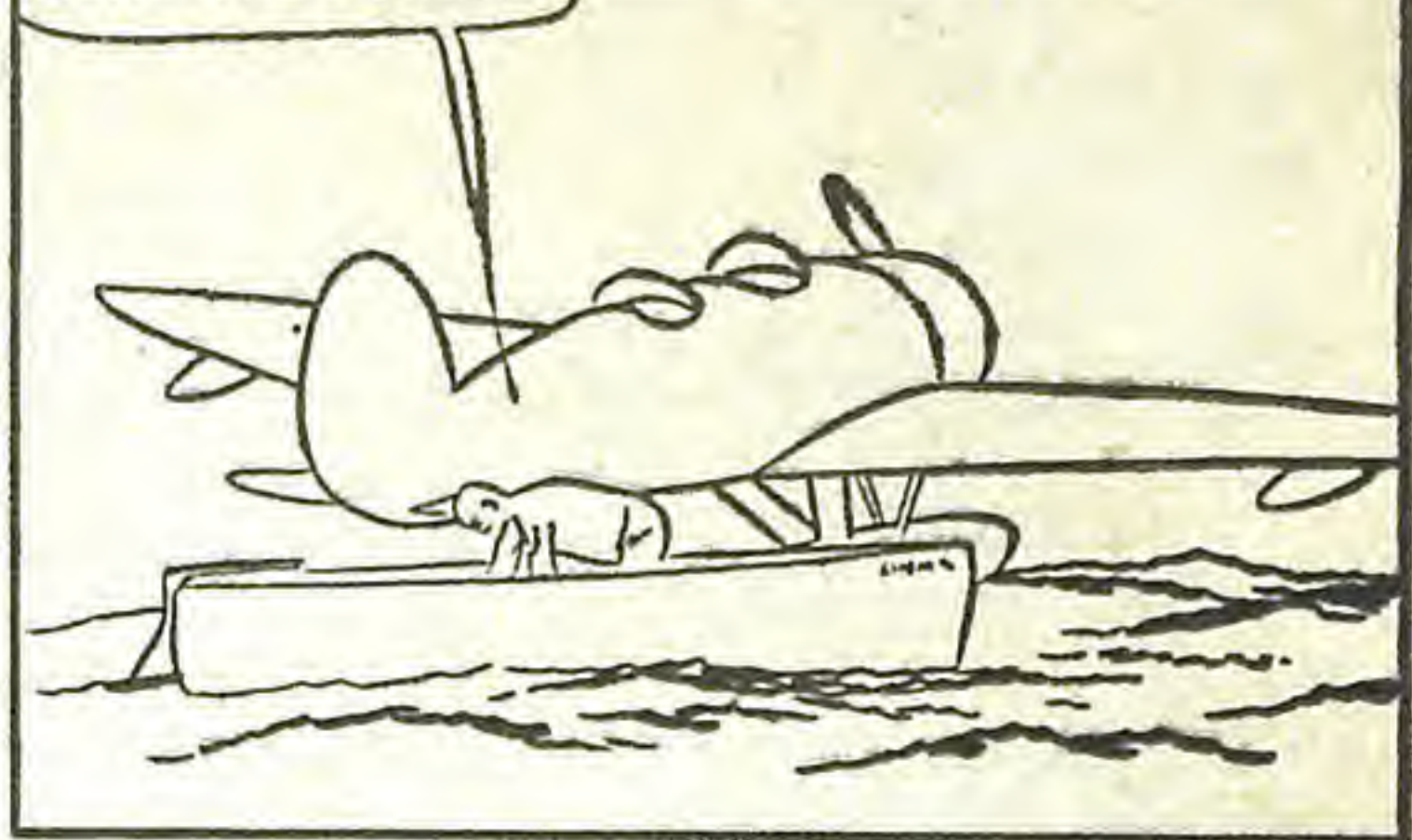
OH BOY! I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE A BOAT IN MY LIFE !!!



THE SPEED OF THE STEAM BOAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE ROPE THIS BOAT WAS TIED WITH, I GUESS!



LET'S SEE, THE CROOKS MUST HAVE EQUIPPED THIS BOAT WITH A COMPASS AND A MAP----- YUP, HERE THEY ARE!



NOW TO GET TO MIAMI!



GOOD OL' LAND!



MIAMI AT LAST!

THE COAST GUARD AIR STATION, PLEASE!

YES SIR!



DAN LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO A TAXI ONCE HE HAS LANDED.....

I'M DAN DIX - SHIP DETECTIVE OF THE S.S. PUERTO RICO - HERE ARE MY PAPERS - NOW THEN... NEAR A SMALL NASSAU ISLAND ARE TWO NOTORIOUS CROOKS - I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY - LET'S GET GOING BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!



AT THE COAST GUARD STATION -

RIGHTO!

WE'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY!

SWELL!

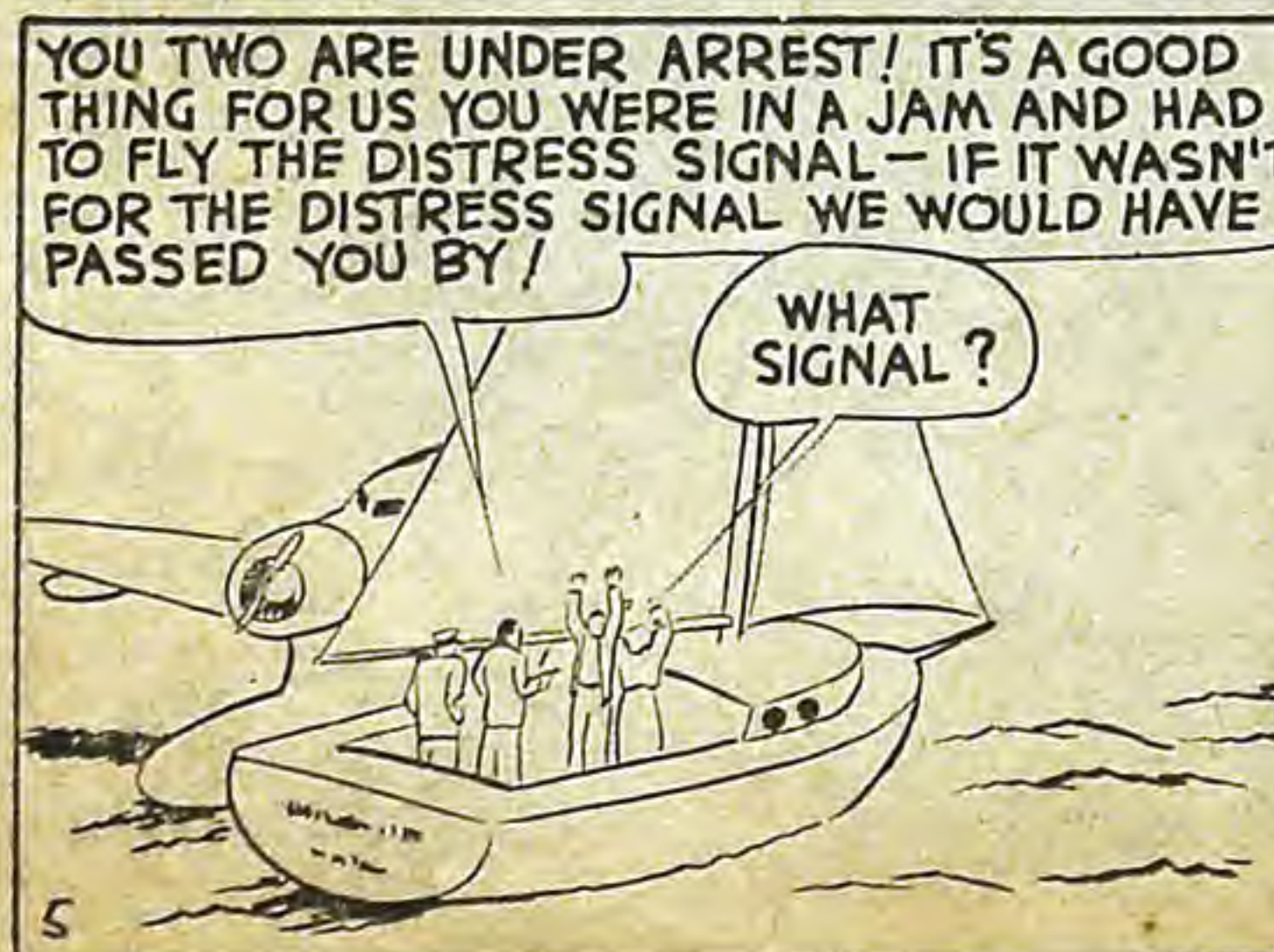
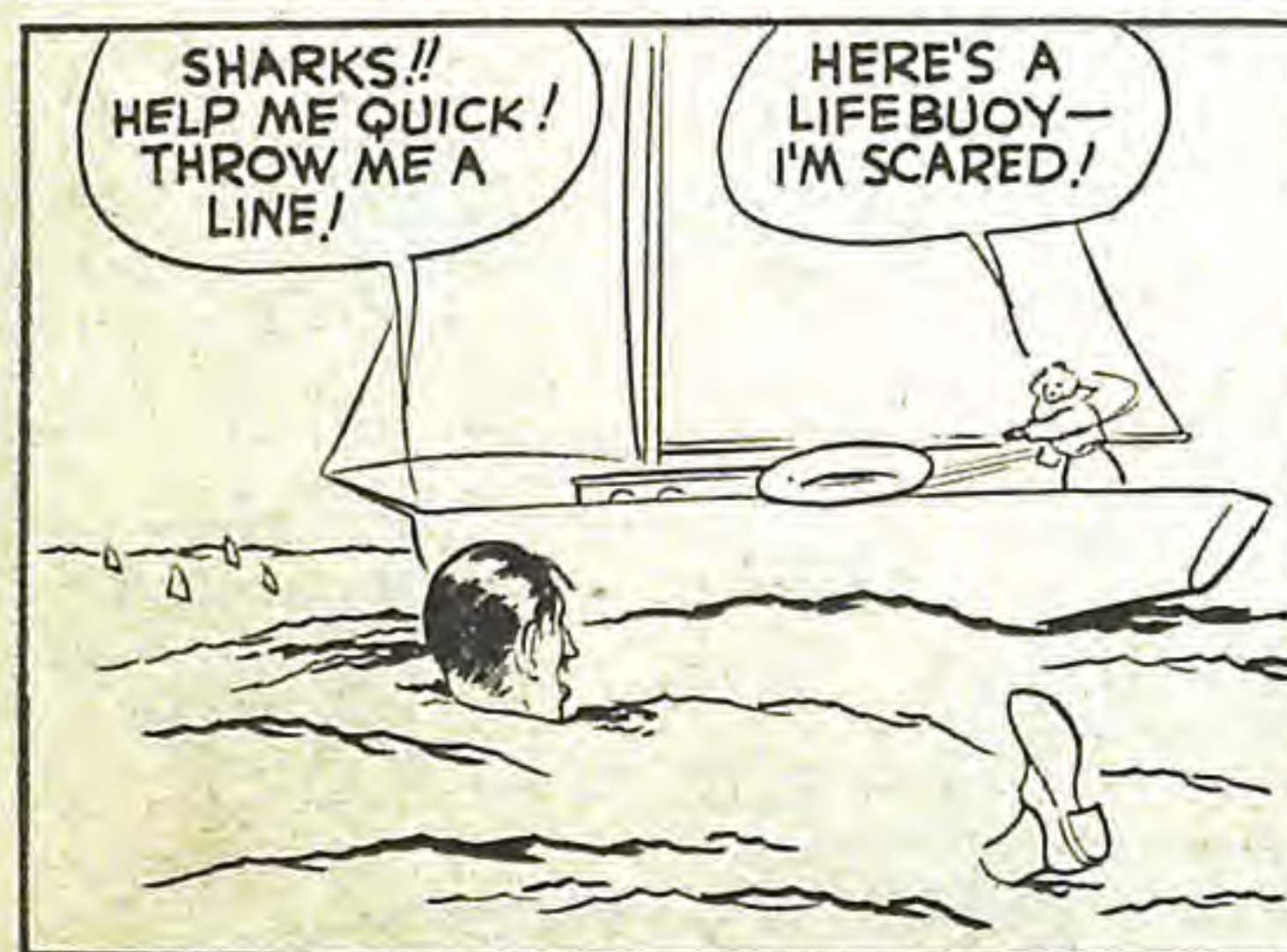
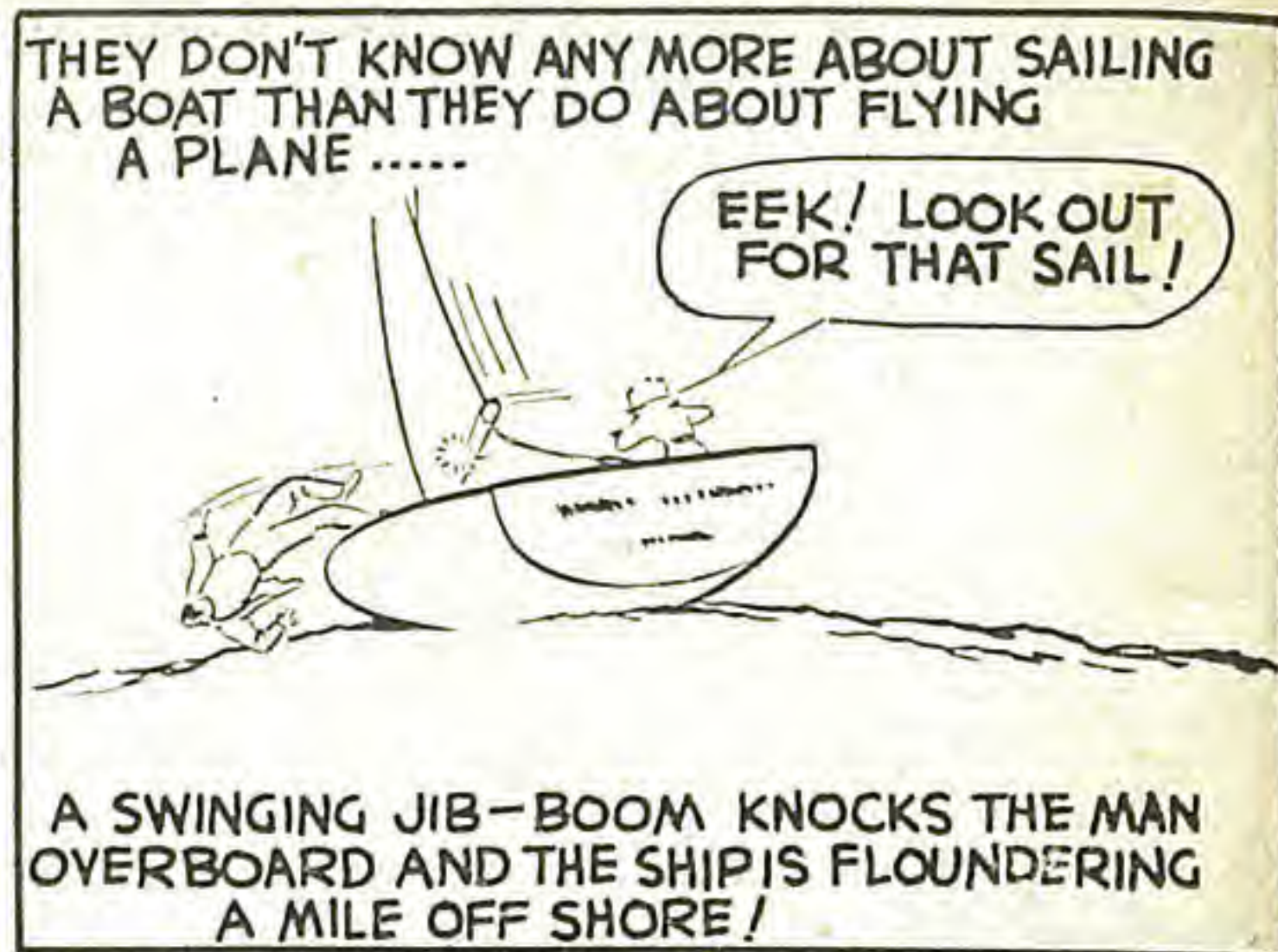


DAN AND THE COAST GUARD OFFICER TAKE THE FASTEST SHIP AND HEAD FOR THE NASSAU ISLE

THE CROOKS, HOWEVER, KNOWING THAT DAN HAS GONE FOR HELP, HUNT FOR A SHOAL LEADING TO THE ISLAND AND FIND ONE....



SWELL! NOW WE CAN HIDE OURSELVES AND THE MONEY ON THE ISLAND!



The KEEFER SNATCH

GUNS BLAZED IN THE NIGHT AND GRAHAM
WENT INTO ACTION

A COMPLETE CRIME STORY IN PICTURES—

by
E. MED. MOORE, JR.

PHILIP KEEFER TURNS HIS
CAR INTO THE DRIVE OF
HIS MULTI-MILLIONAIRE
FATHER'S ESTATE—



AS HE DRAWS UP AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE,
A MAN IN CHAUFFEUR'S LIVERY STEPS
FORWARD—



MEANWHILE, IN THE GARAGE, THE
REAL FRANZ TEARS OFF HIS BONDS—



GRABBING A WRENCH, HE CREEPS
CAUTIOUSLY TOWARD THE
KIDNAPPERS—



IN A DESPERATE RUSH, HE CRASHES INTO THE NEAREST GANGSTER, SLUGGING HIM DOWN! GET 'IM, JUG!



JUG FIRES POINT BLANK. FRANZ, STRICKEN, SAGS, THEN STUMBLES AND LIES STILL—



IN FRONT OF THE KEEFER ESTATE, ROY GRAHAM WALKS HIS BEAT—



FIRING!



GUN IN HAND, GRAHAM CHARGES TOWARD THE HOUSE—



WHAT'S THAT, MURPHY?

A COPPER—LOOK!



USING KEEFER AS A SHIELD, THE THUGS OPEN FIRE. GRAHAM FALTERS AND PITCHES FORWARD—



IN FRANTIC HASTE, THE KIDNAPPERS SHOVE KEEFER INTO A WAITING CAR —

WHAT ABOUT BLUE-BOY?

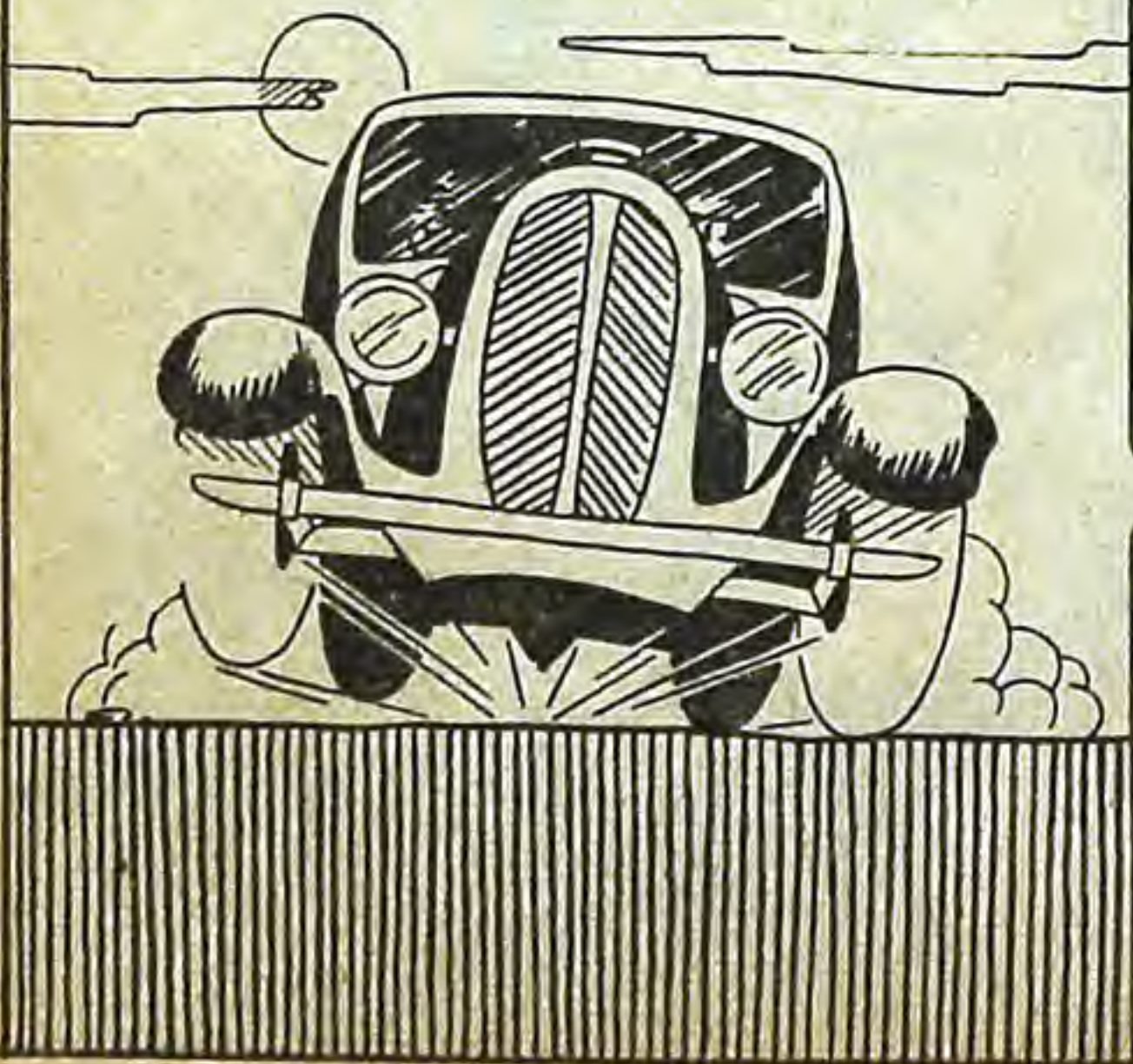
LEAVE 'IM! THOSE SHOTS'LL BRING EVERY COP IN TH' STATE!



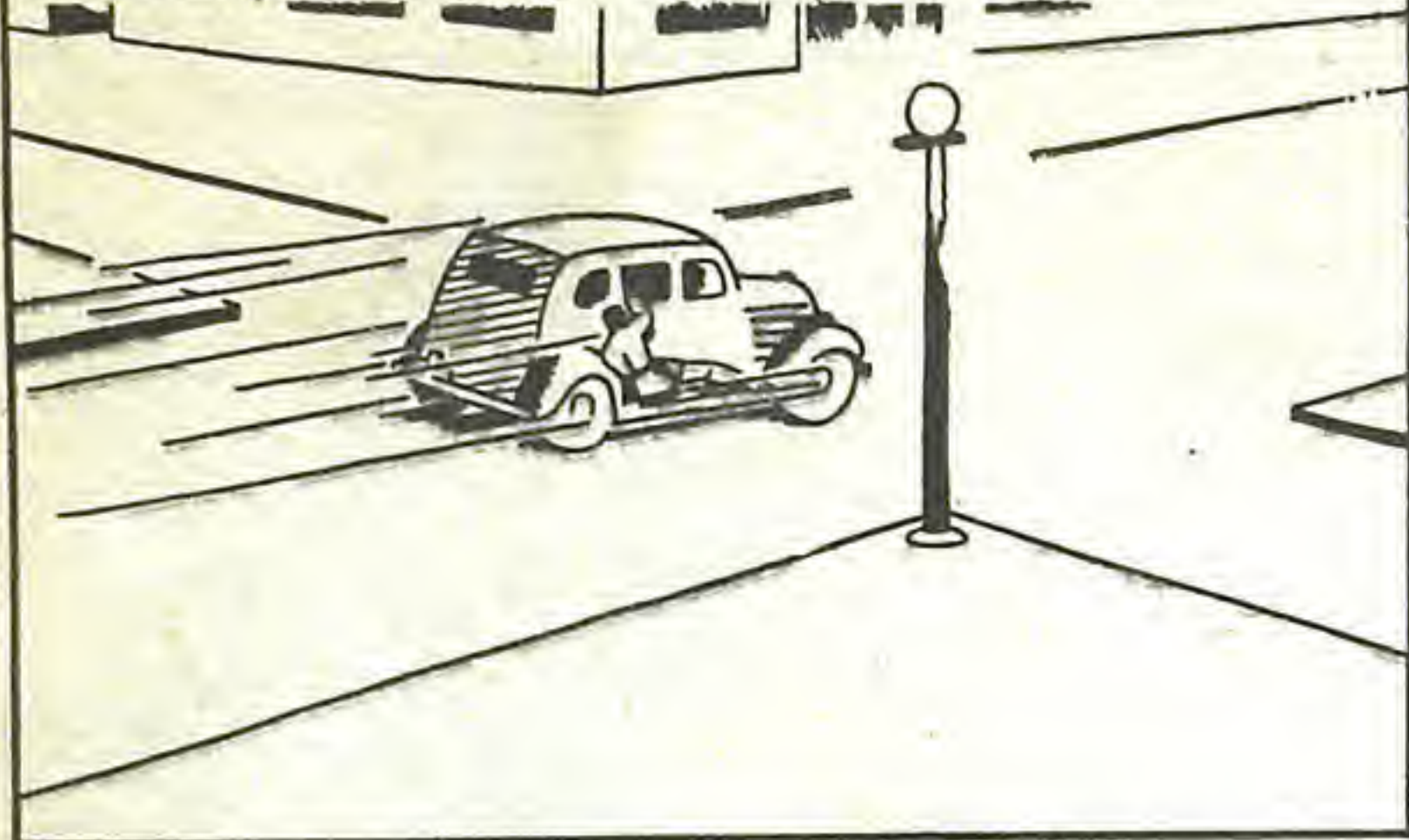
— GRAHAM, SLIGHTLY WOUNDED, LEAPS TO THE RUNNING BOARD!



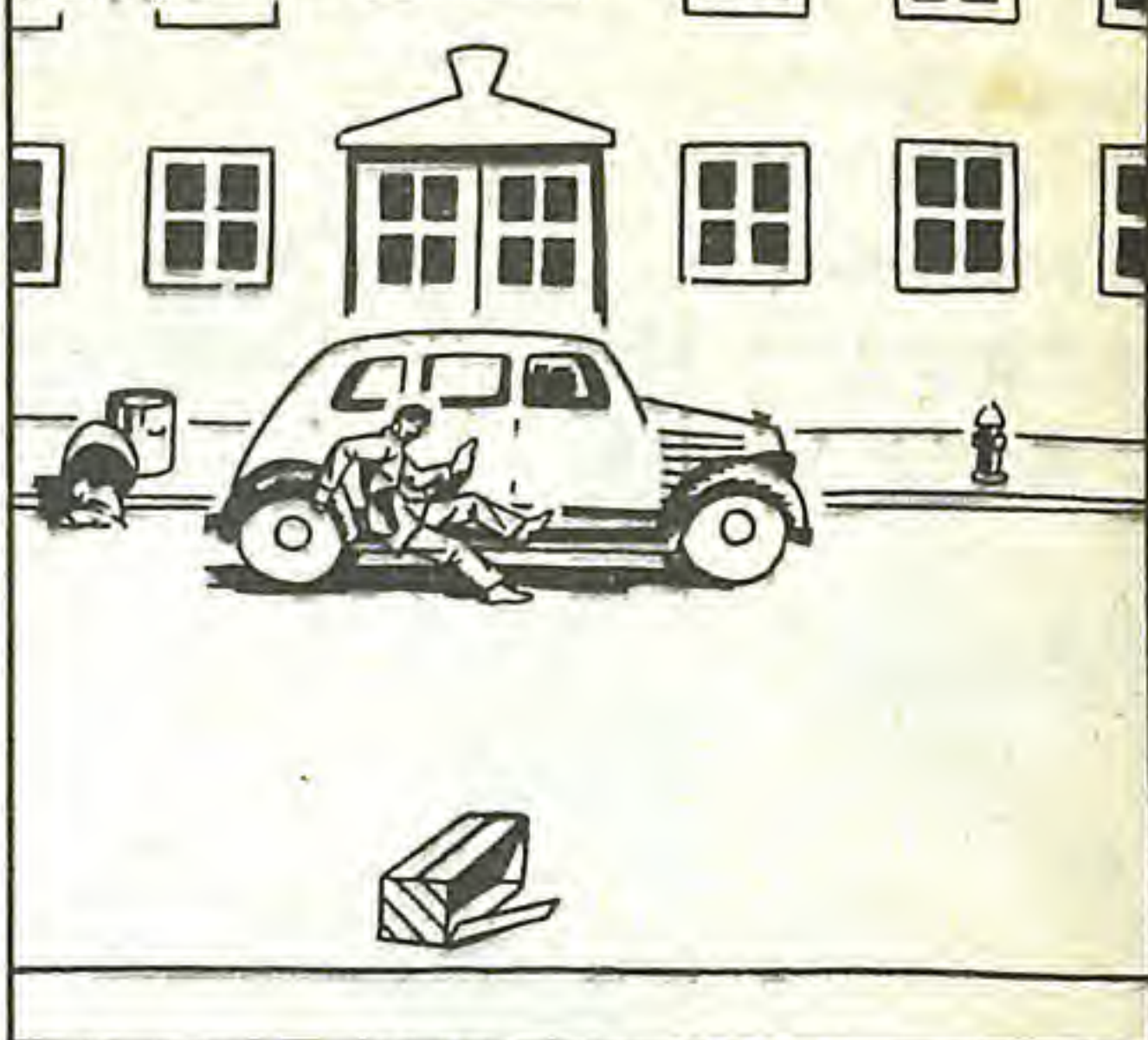
AS THE CAR CAREENS OUT OF THE DRIVE —



THE GET-AWAY CAR ROARS THRU
DESERTED CITY STREETS, WITH GRAHAM,
UNSEEN, HANGING ON DESPERATELY—



FINALLY, THEY DRAW UP
BEFORE A SQUALID TENEMENT
HOUSE—



GRAHAM DROPS FROM THE RUNNING
BOARD AND ROLLS UNDER THE CAR—



HERDING THE DAZED KEEFER BEFORE
THEM, THE GANGSTERS ENTER THE
TENEMENT—



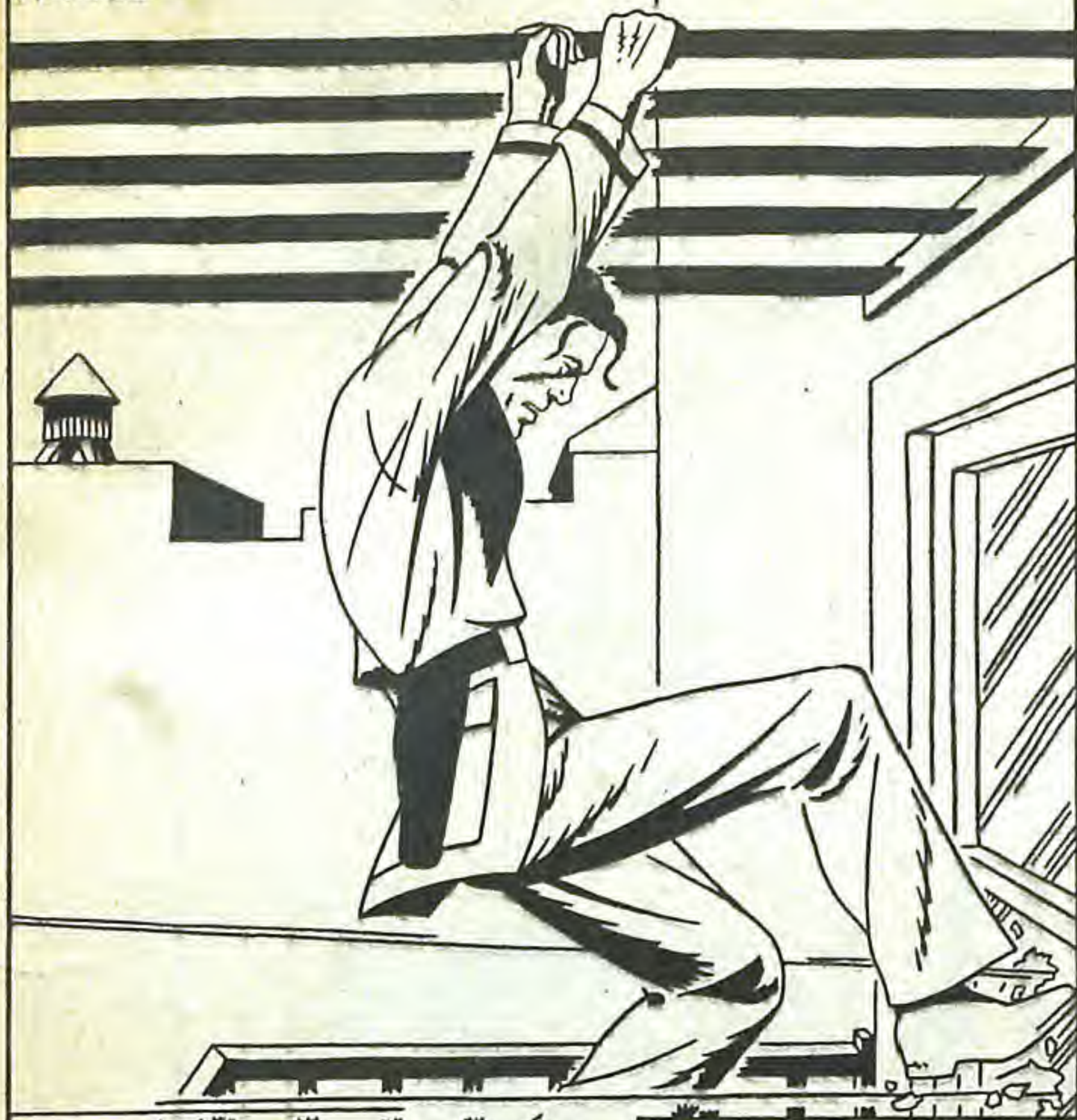
I'D BETTER NOT TRY TO
FOLLOW THEM THAT WAY—
THEY MIGHT HAVE A
LOOKOUT POSTED.



AH—A FIRE ESCAPE! GOTTA BE CARE-
FUL, THOUGH. IF THEY SPOT ME, IT'LL
MEAN MY FINISH AND KEEFER'S, TOO!



AS THE FIRST SHOTS CRASH THRU THE WINDOW, GRAHAM JERKS HIMSELF OUT OF RANGE—



HE KICKS IN THE WINDOW ON THE NEXT FLOOR—

SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE GOT BUSINESS ON THE FLOOR BELOW!



A MOMENT LATER, GUN BLAZING, HE BREAKS INTO THE ROOM IN WHICH KEEFER IS HELD!



UPSTAIRS, KEEFER IS FORCED INTO A LARGE ROOM. A FAT, OILY-LOOKING MAN HURRIES FORWARD—

YA. GOT 'IM, HUH? BUT—
WHERE'S BLUE-BOY?



WE HADDA LEAVE
'IM BOSS. HE GOT
SLUGGED!

YOU
CRAZY FOOLS!
WHAT HAPPENED?



OUTSIDE ON THE
FIRE ESCAPE,
GRAHAM SUDDENLY
APPEARS AT THE
WINDOW—



ONE O' TH' SERVANTS
GOT LOOSE. WE SHOT 'IM,
BUT HE GOT BLUE-BOY
FIRST. THEN A COPPER
COME FOR US AN' WE
KNOCKED 'IM OFF, TOO.



INSIDE, KEEFER GLIMPSES THE
PATROLMAN. WITHOUT THINKING, HE
STARTS TOWARD HIM—



JUG NOW SEES HIM TOO.
QUICKLY, HE CLAWS THE
AUTOMATIC FROM HIS
SHOULDER HOLSTER!



THE THREE GANGSTERS SPIN FROM THE WINDOW TO MEET THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK—

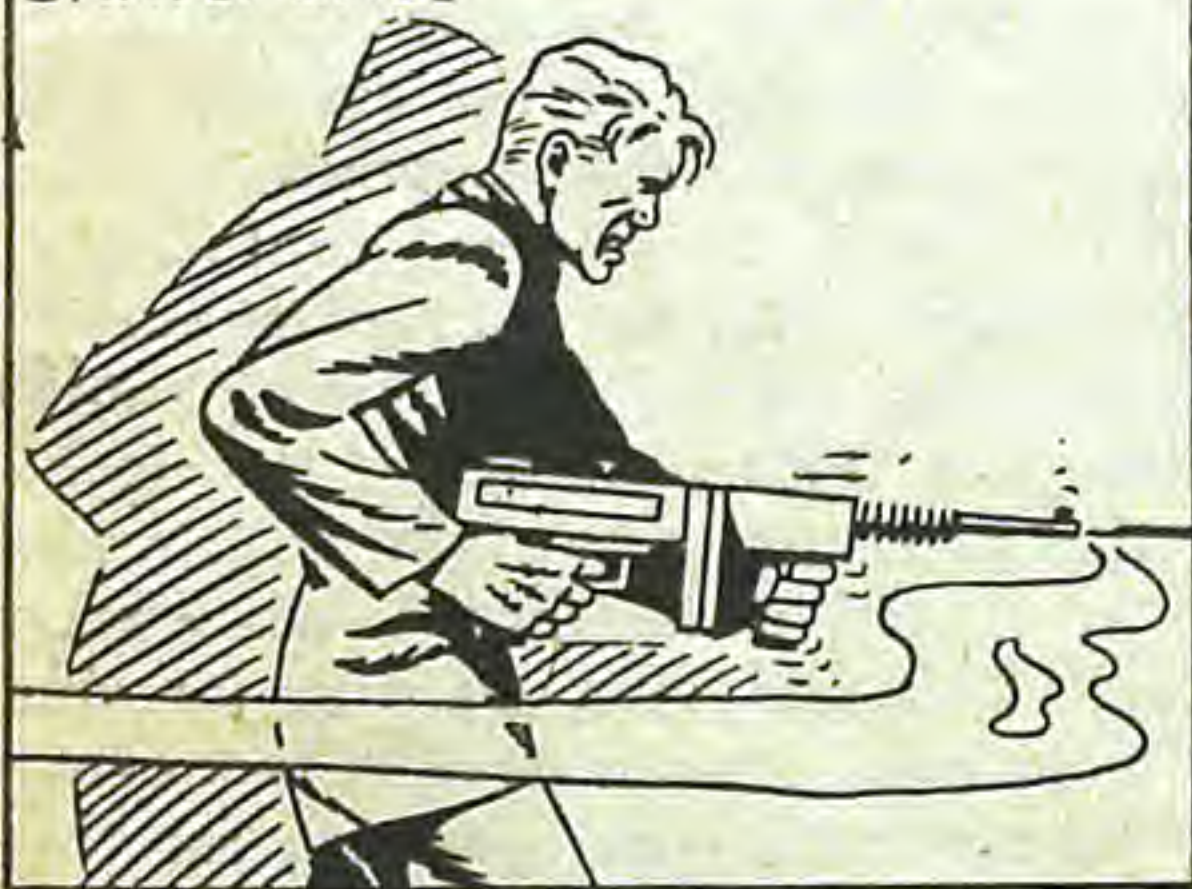


GRAHAM LEAPS SIDWAYS. DIVING UNDER A TABLE, HE USES IT AS A SHIELD—



THE THUGS GO DOWN LIKE TEN-PINS UNDER THE SUDDEN BLAST OF LEAD!

ACROSS THE ROOM, KEEFER, FORGOTTEN IN THE TURMOIL, GRIPS A SUB-MACHINE GUN, LEFT STANDING IN THE CORNER. SNARLING—HALF-MAD—HE TURNS IT ON THE SNATCHERS!



AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, GRAHAM STOOPS TO PICK SOMETHING FROM THE FLOOR—

PAPERS—I WONDER WHAT THEY ARE—



WELL, I'LL BE— RANSOM NOTES! AND THEY NEVER EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO SEND THEM!

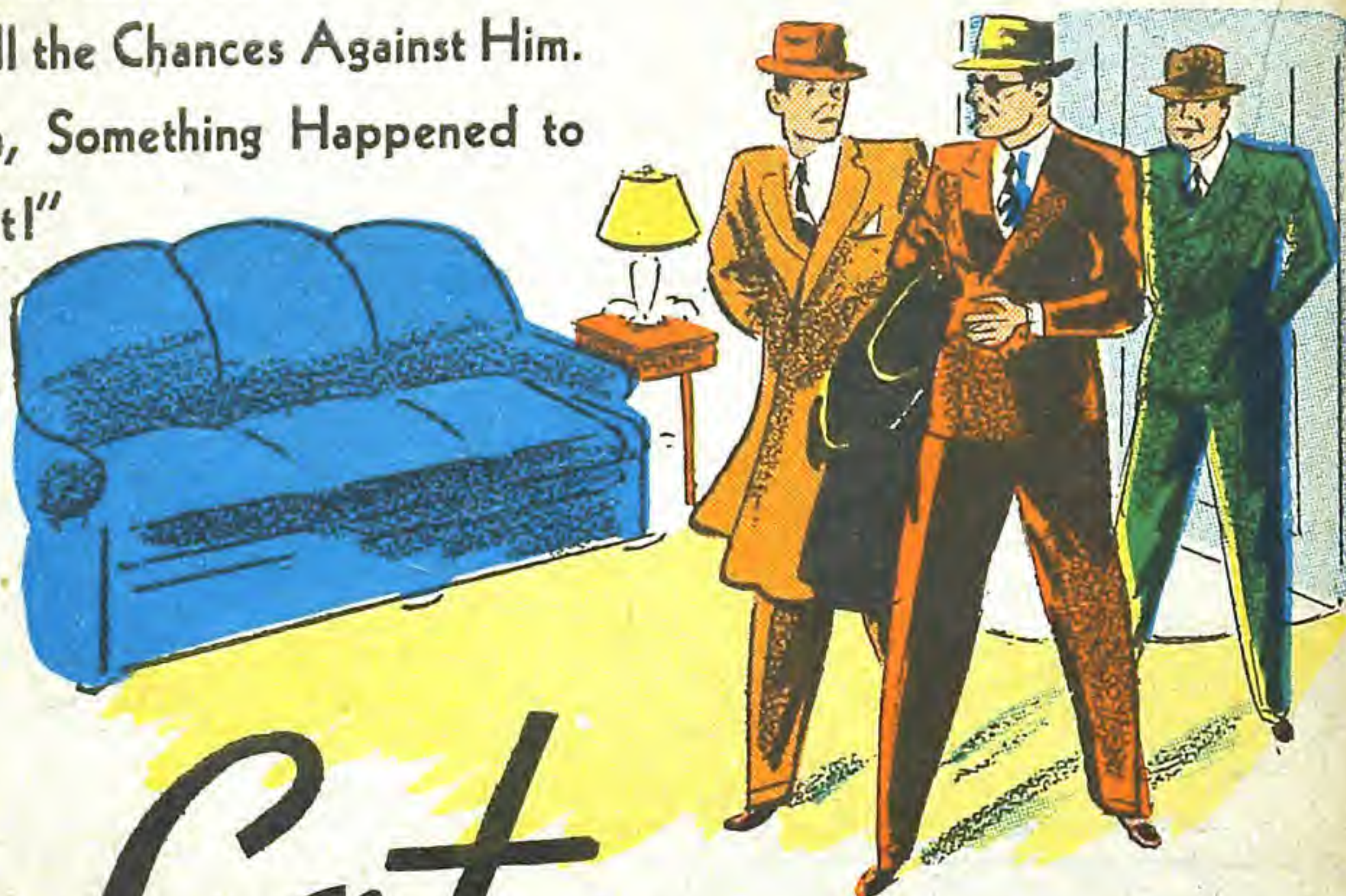
OFFICER, I CERTAINLY OWE YOU PLENTY. YOU DON'T WASTE MUCH TIME. THANKS!



Ed Moore

THE END

Carter was all set to catch "The Cat" —
With All the Chances Against Him.
But then, Something Happened to
"The Cat!"



"THE Cat" HAD NINE LIVES

A Short Detective Story
By Larrie May



DAN Carter sat in the lobby of the Hotel Shelby. In spite of the comfort that the overstuffed chair in which he was seated offered him, he was not comfortable. He smoked incessantly, and glanced nervously at his watch after every puff on his cigarette.

The time was 11:55 p.m., and if the tip he had got that afternoon was right, within five minutes he would come face to face with "The Cat." Dan had been waiting for this chance for months. As a matter of fact every man on the force had been waiting for this break in some way or other.

"The Cat" was so named because he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of the police on many occasions. He was a killer. The police had been forced to use violent methods whenever they had come across him. "The Cat's" real name was John Garnnel. He was wanted for murder, inciting a prison riot, escaping from prison, and, among other things, kidnapping.

DAN took a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket on which was written in poor and scrawly English: "If you want 'The Cat' he is checking in at the Hotel Shelby at about midnight on the 10th. He will be wearing dark glasses to cover up a shiner he got in the prison break. Don't mention it. He double crossed me, and I'm doing the same for him, and ain't sorry."

Dan read that note over a dozen times in a minute. He began to go over the thoughts he had been having for the past hour. This note might be from a crank or it might be on the level. If it was on the level, and if he could bring in "The Cat" it would mean getting rid of a public enemy, and at the same time earning a possible promotion.

On the other hand it might mean a public funeral; his own. That was the chance he had to take.

As Dan sat there smoking and thinking three men walked through the front door and started across the lobby toward the desk. One of the men was wearing dark glasses. Dan saw them just as they stopped in front of the desk.

The note had been right! There was "The Cat."

CARTER got up from his chair very slowly so as not to attract attention, and walked leisurely toward the desk.

"Got the key to room 493?" he asked casually. In the mirror that was facing them Carter studied the man in dark glasses. Looked like Garnnel all right.

"Put them up Garnnel," said Dan Carter. "I've got you and your friends covered." Just as Dan finished that sentence a shot rang out, and the man in the glasses pitched forward to the floor. Dan, with perfect control, kept the other men covered, and asked the desk

manager to summon a doctor.

Within a few minutes the doctor arrived accompanied by two policemen. Dan recognized them as patrol car men, and turned over the prisoners to them. Then turning back to the doctor, Carter asked, "What's the matter, Doc. Our pal here get grazed by a bullet?"

"Grazed nothing," replied the doctor, "this man is dead, but not what you think. It was heart failure."

"The cat had nine lives," muttered Dan. "But I wonder what that shot could have been."

"Some fellow just had a blow out in front," volunteered one of the patrolmen.

"Well I'll be," said Dan. "Now how do we make sure this is Garnnel?"

"It is," interrupted a man who had become one of the gathering crowd. "I used to see him quite a bit up stir. No I wasn't an inmate. I'm a reporter."

IT doesn't make sense," said Carter half aloud, half to himself. "First I come here expecting some excitement with a guy who's got nine lives. It turns out he's easy to get. Doesn't even say a word, and then he drops dead on me. And the funny part of it is that some guy getting a flat tire caused him to keel over, most likely. Well it's a great life this being a detective. 'The Cat,' bah!"

The End



TNT TODD

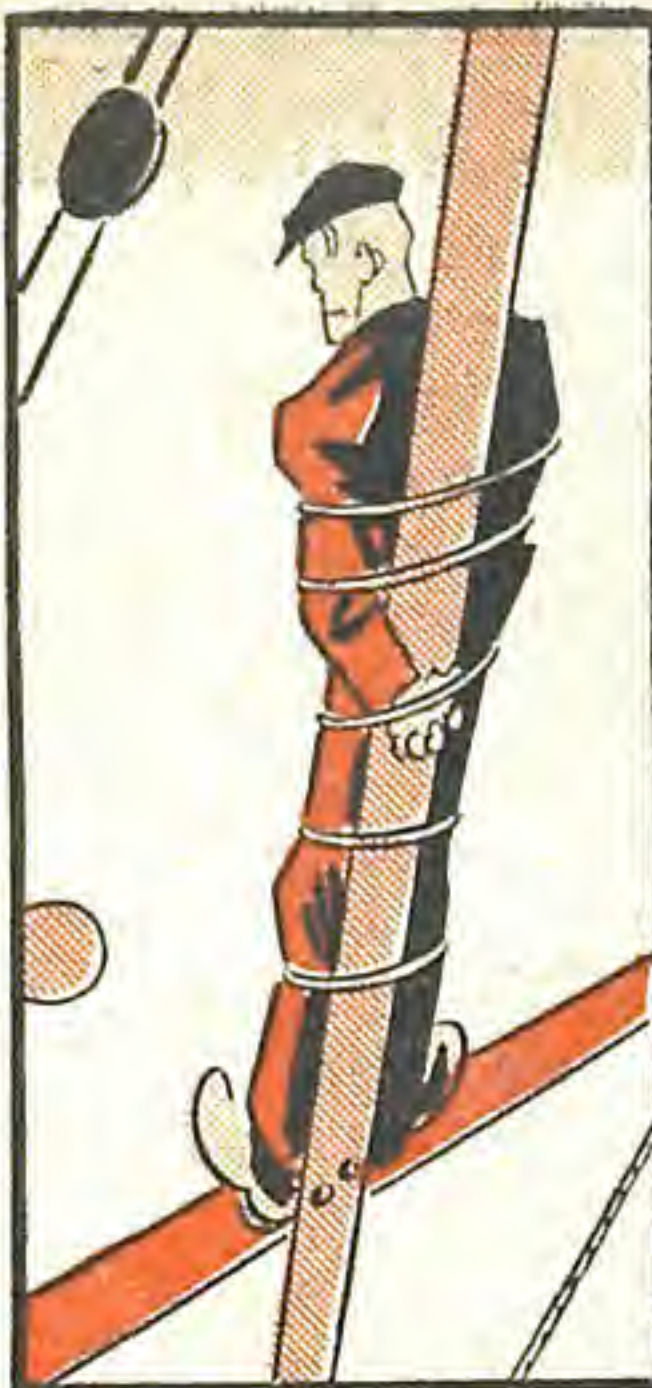
ACE
G
MAN

SYNOPSIS

WHEN "TNT" TODD, ON BOARD A CHINESE SMUGGLING SHIP, IS DISCOVERED TO BE A G-MAN HE IS OVERPOWERED AND TIED TO THE MAST AS A HOSTAGE TO PREVENT A COAST GUARD CUTTER FROM FIRING—

NIGHT,
AND
TODD
IS
STILL
TIED
TO THE
MAST
OF
THE
OUTLAW
SHIP.

THE
COAST
GUARDS
DARE NOT
FIRE!



THE
G-MAN
TWISTS
AND
TURNS,
PULLING
AT HIS
BONDS



FINALLY,
AS A
LAST
RESORT,
HE
CLIMBS
UP THE
MAST!



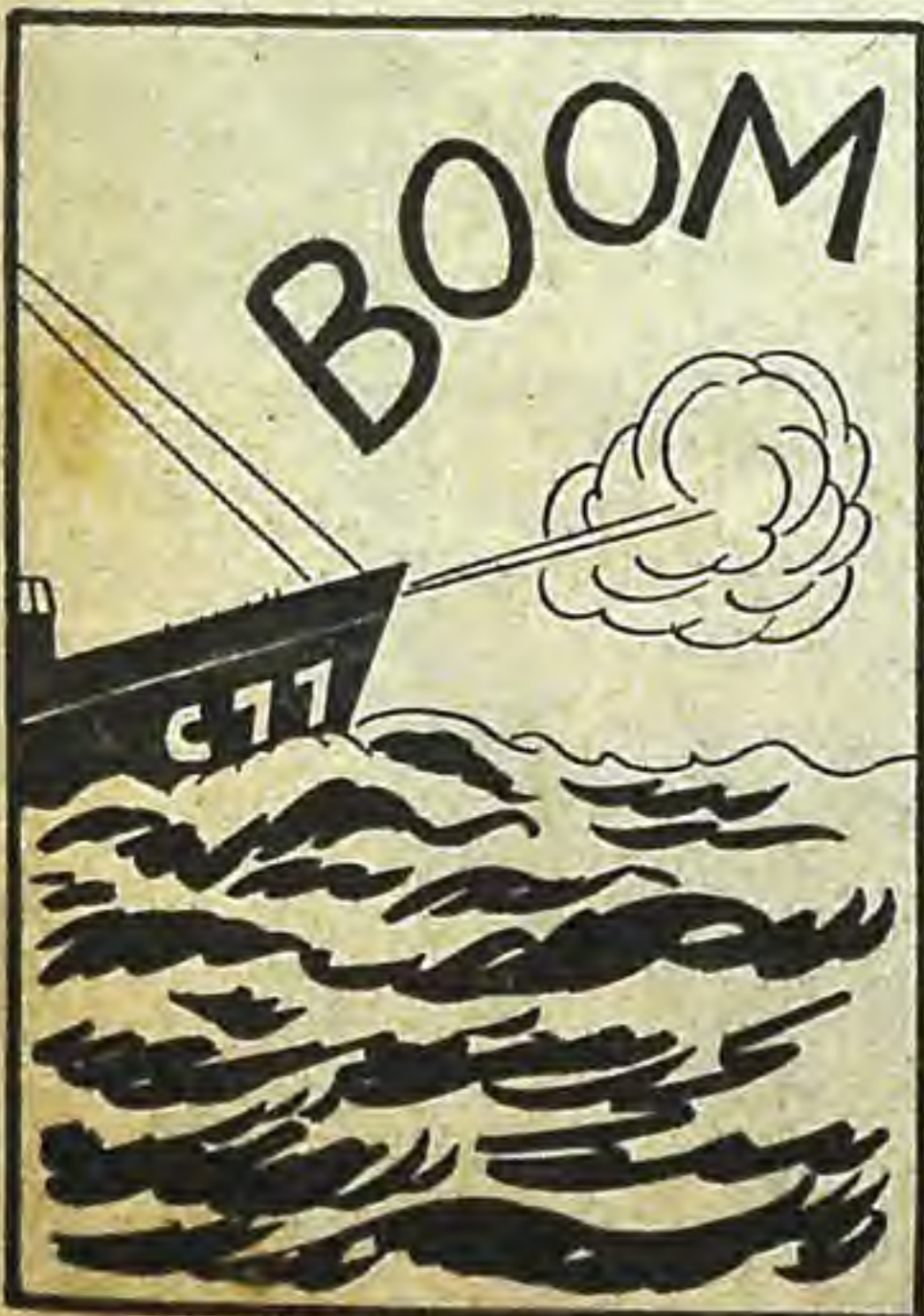
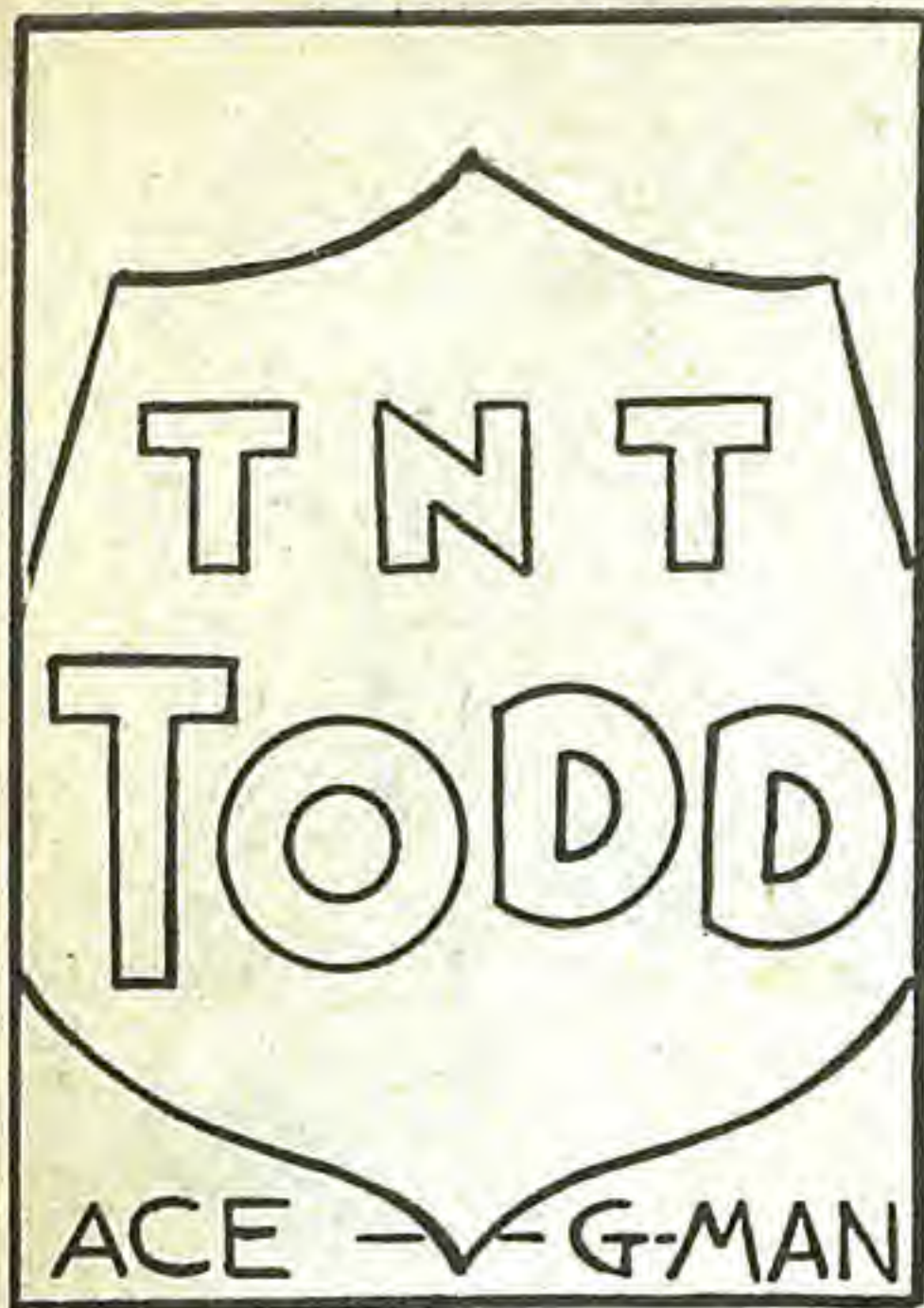
FREE
AT
LAST!

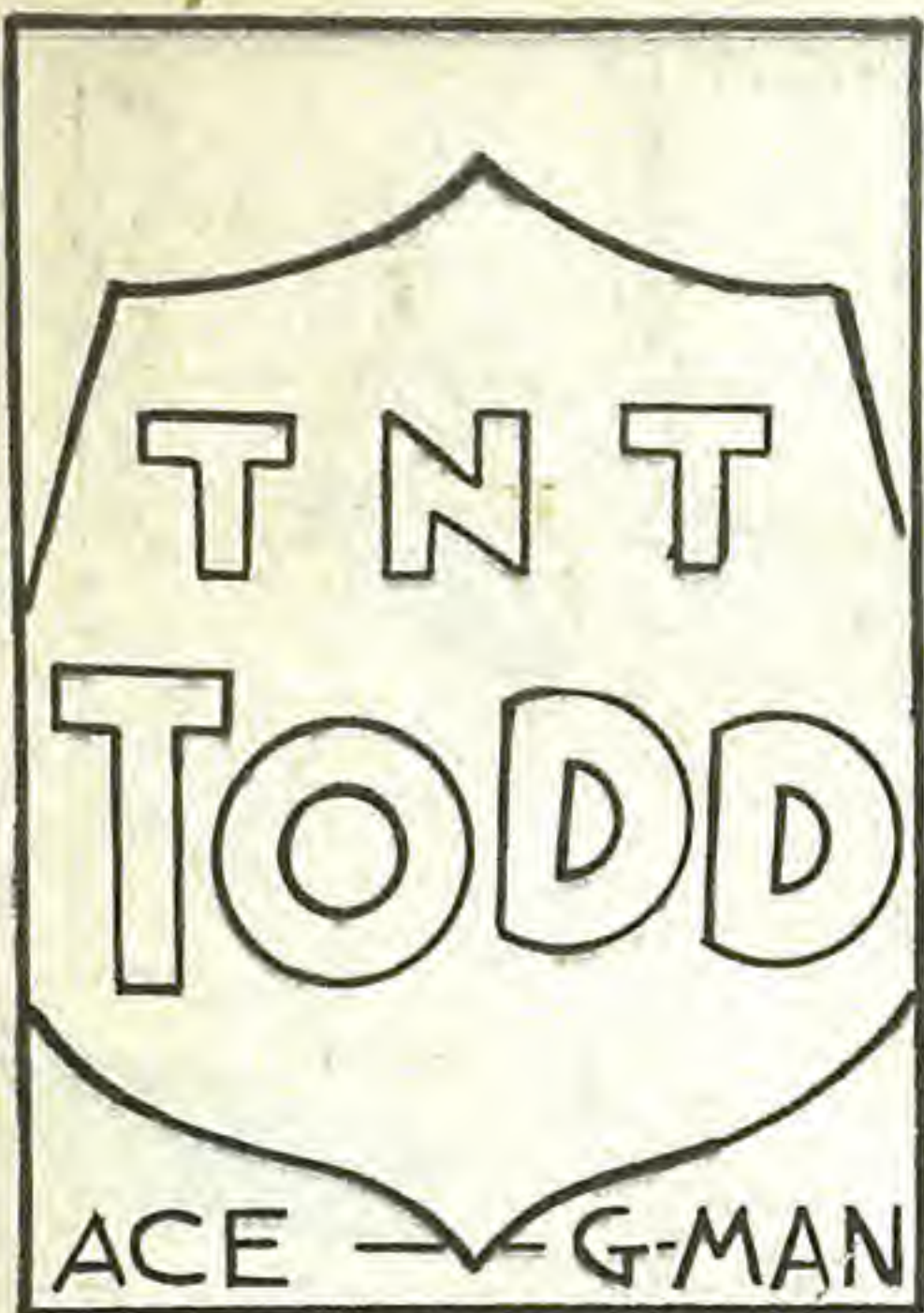


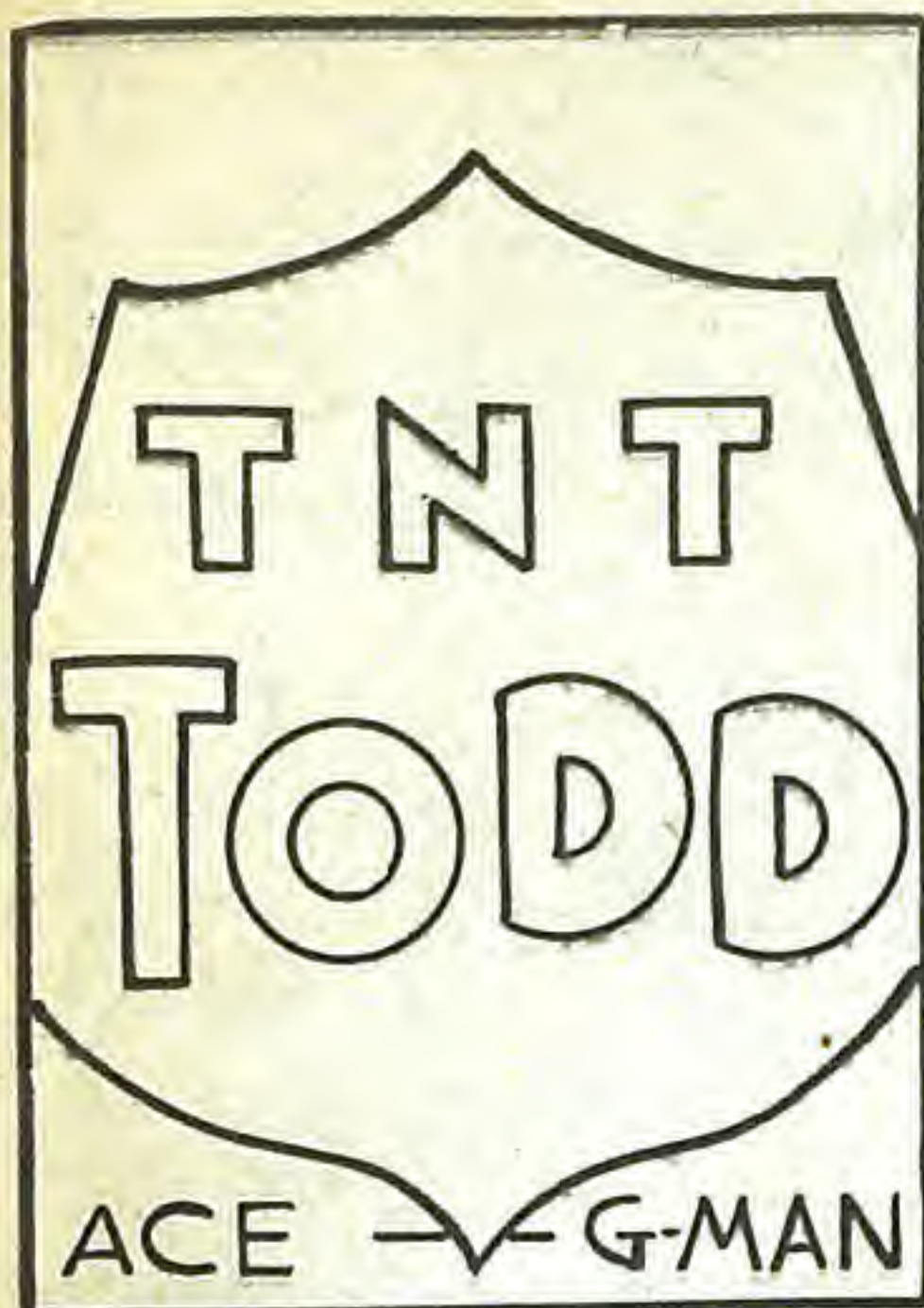
HEY!
WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE
OUT
THERE?

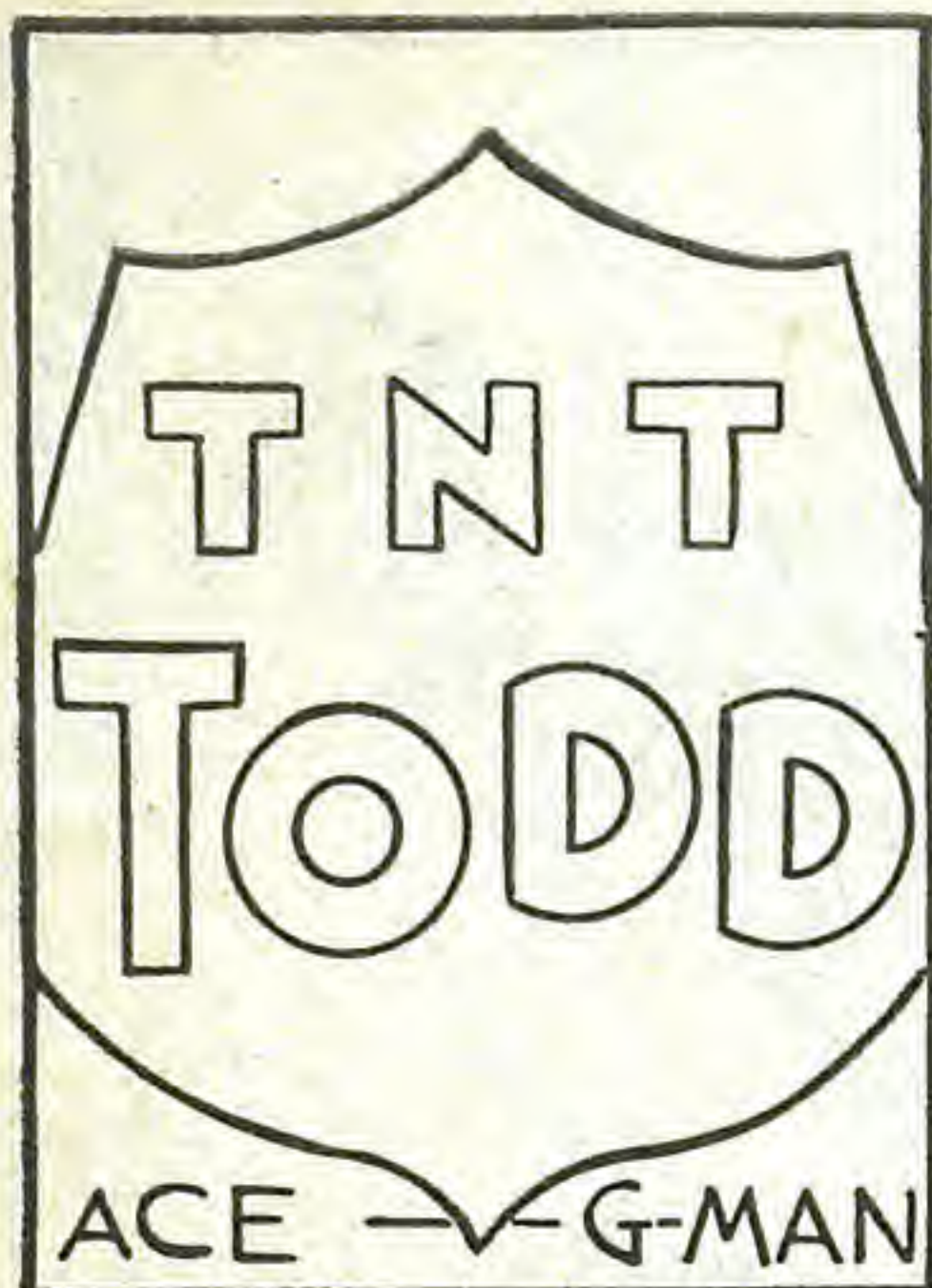


WHY, IT'S
THAT
BLASTED
G-MAN
GETTIN'
AWAY!



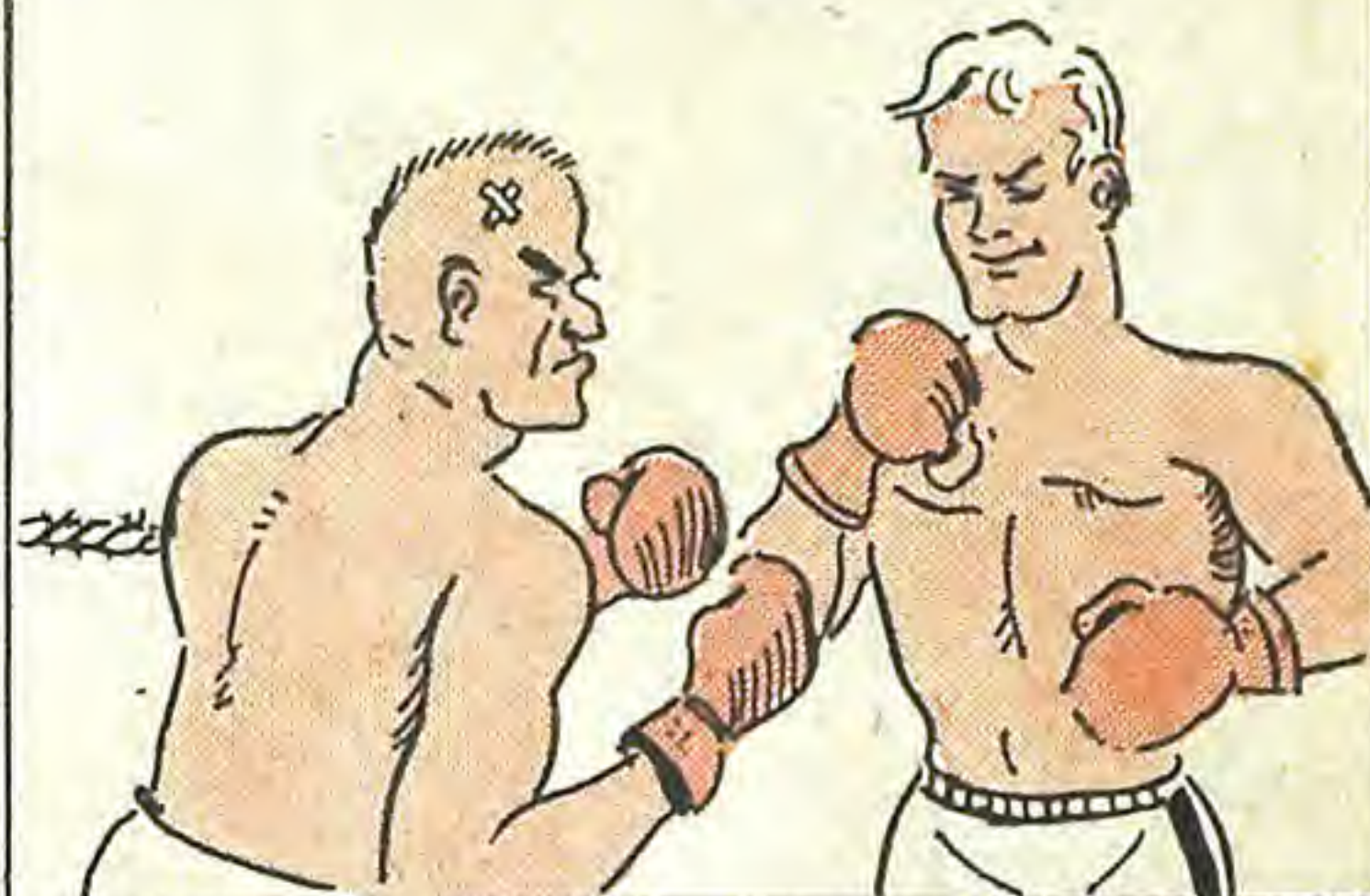






TWO WAY *Ride*

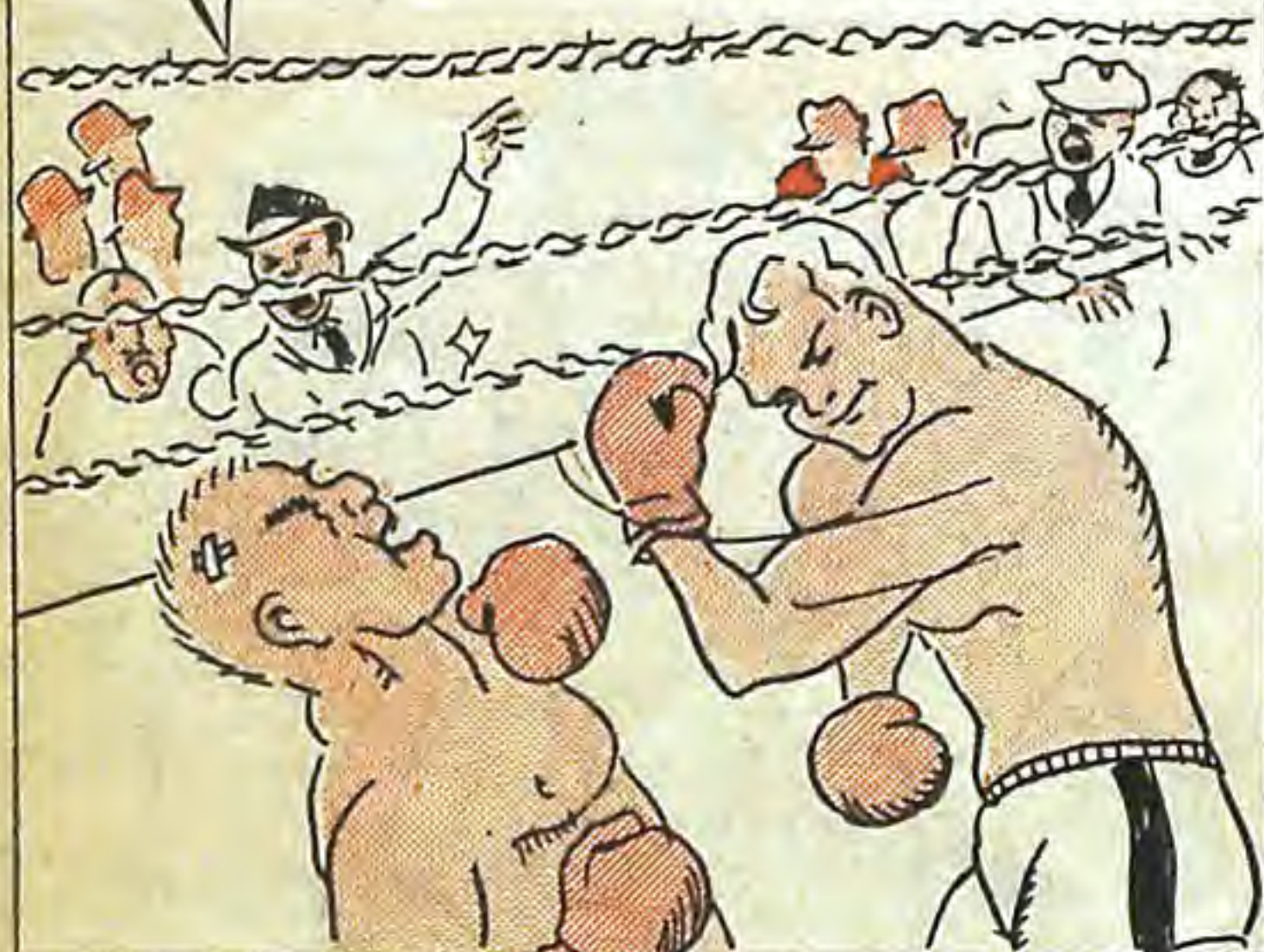
BY
IRVING
SETTEL



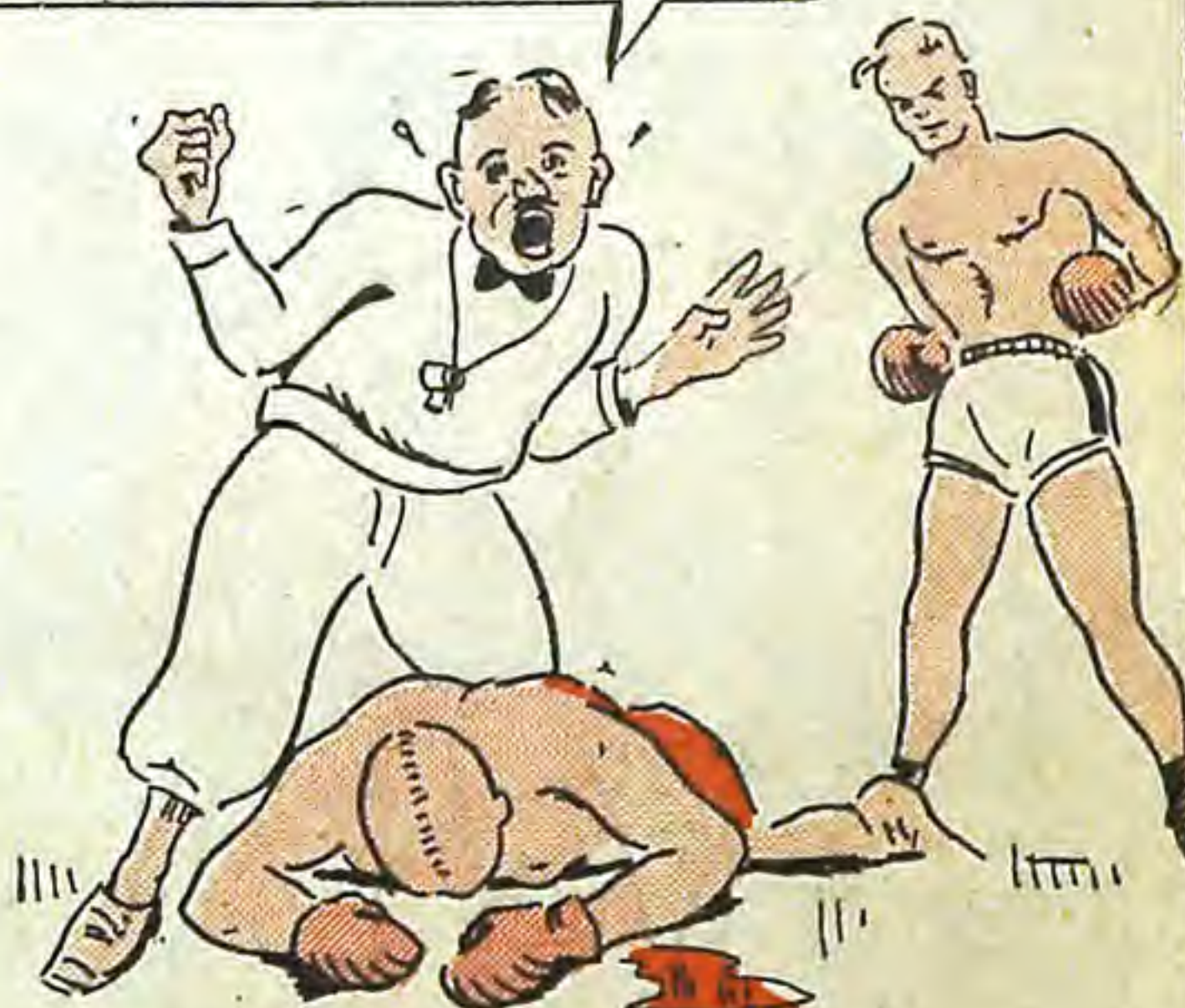
JACK MORAN, HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD, IS DEFENDING HIS
TITLE.....

WOW! WOTTA
SOCK!

ATTA BOY, MORAN!



.....7-8-9-10.... YOU'RE OUT!



THE
WIN-NA-H-H!

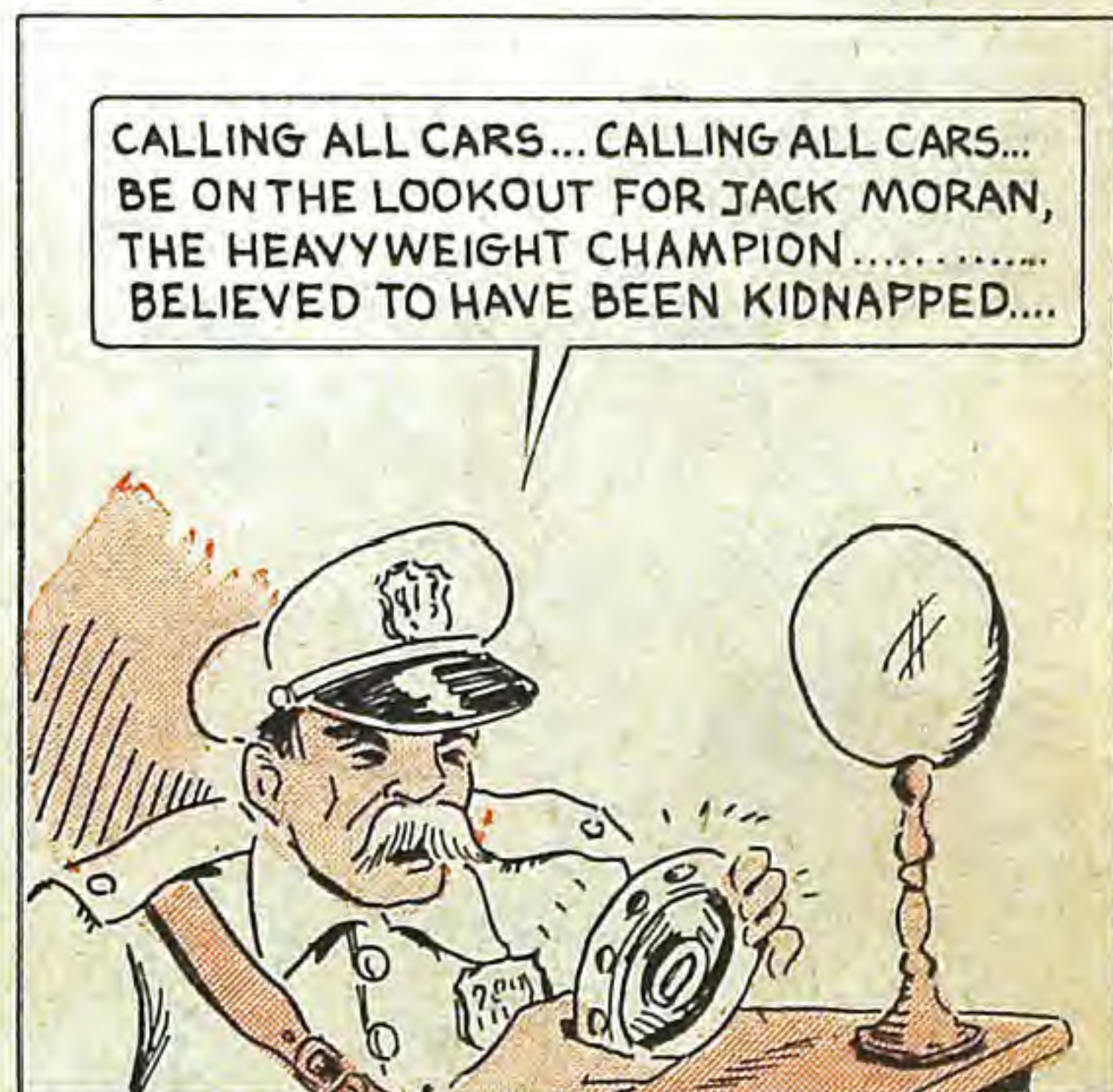


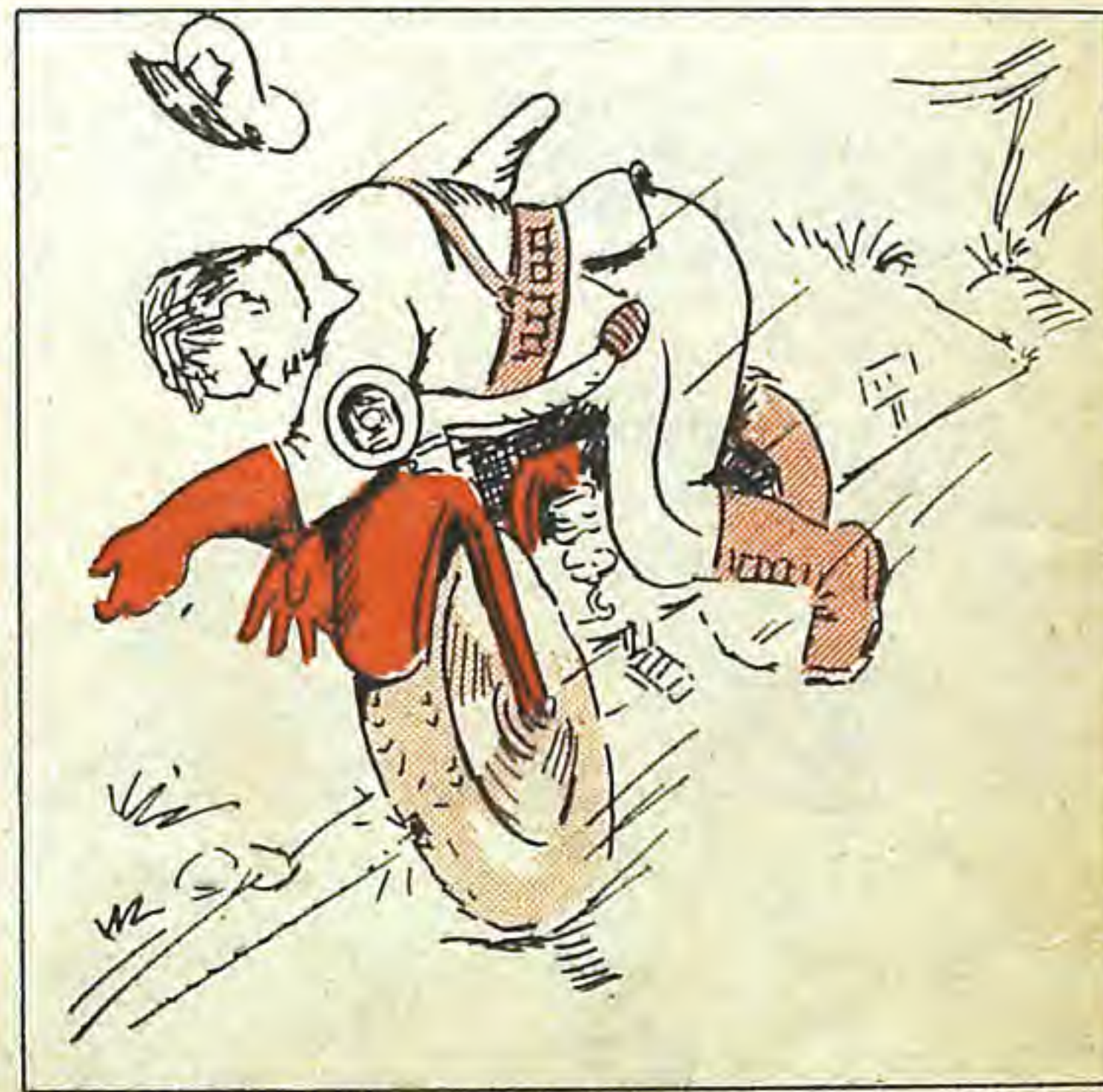
GREAT FIGHT YA PUT UP, JACK...
NOW, DON'T SPEND YOUR TAKE
ON THE GIRL FRIEND TONIGHT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
ME, MAC! SHE'S NO
GOLD DIGGER!









AS THE TWO GUNMEN ARE BUSY SHOOTING AT THE PATROLMAN, JACK SWIFTLY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION.



GUESS YOU FORGOT I WAS HERE FER A MINUTE, EH?

OW-W-W-W!



I GUESS THIS SETTLES THE WHOLE MATTER!

OW-W-W-W!



HUH! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU TOOK THEM FOR A RIDE, CHAMP!



Don Benito

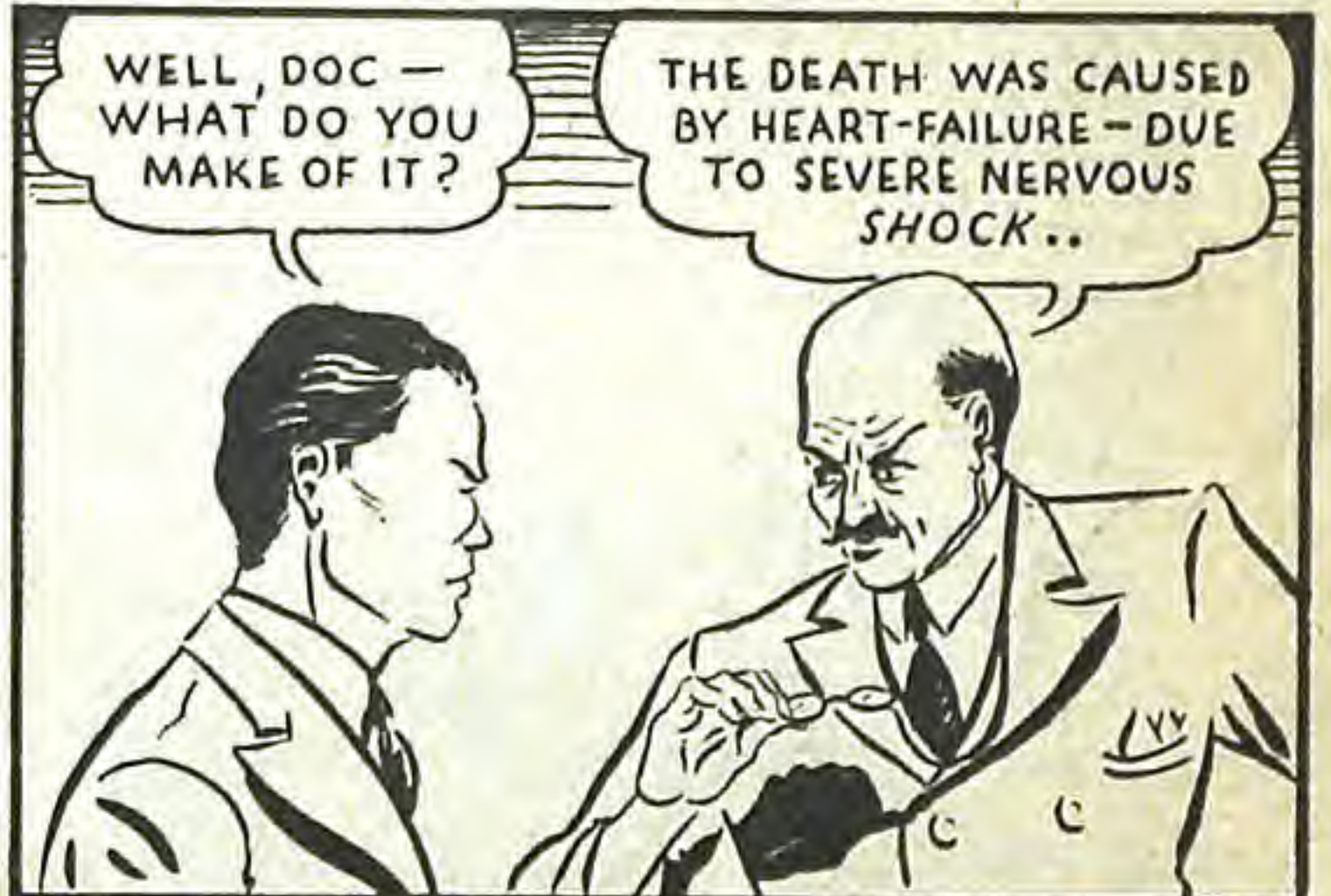
by Gilman



AFTER TWO ACTS OF GRIPPING DRAMA, THE HERO IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE FIRING-SQUAD. AFTER A LAST, FOND EMBRACE, HE BIDS THE HEROINE FAREWELL. THE CAPTAIN RAISES HIS SWORD AND SHOUTS HIS COMMANDS —

"READY!"





FEELING CERTAIN THAT THE MAN, WHO KILLED PIERRE D'AVIGNON, IS IN THE SHOW—DAN, THRU SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MANAGEMENT, GETS A PART IN THE PLAY. BACK IN THE HOTEL, DAN EXPLAINS TO TICK, HIS REASONS FOR BECOMING AN ACTOR...

— AND WHEN I EXAMINED HIM, I DISCOVERED A TINY RED CIRCLE ON HIS LEFT ARM— EXACTLY THE SAME TYPE OF MARK LEFT BY THE MYSTERIOUS POISON DARTS, USED BY THE HINDUS IN INDIA. THE DART SINKS DEEP INTO THE FLESH, LEAVING NO TRACES. —



TICK — THE MAN WHO MURDERED PIERRE D'AVIGNON, IS CONNECTED WITH THE SHOW — "ESPIONAGE!"

YEAH, BUT DAN, YOU'VE NEVER ACTED IN YOUR LIFE. — HOW'RE YA GONNA PLAY IN THE SHOW?

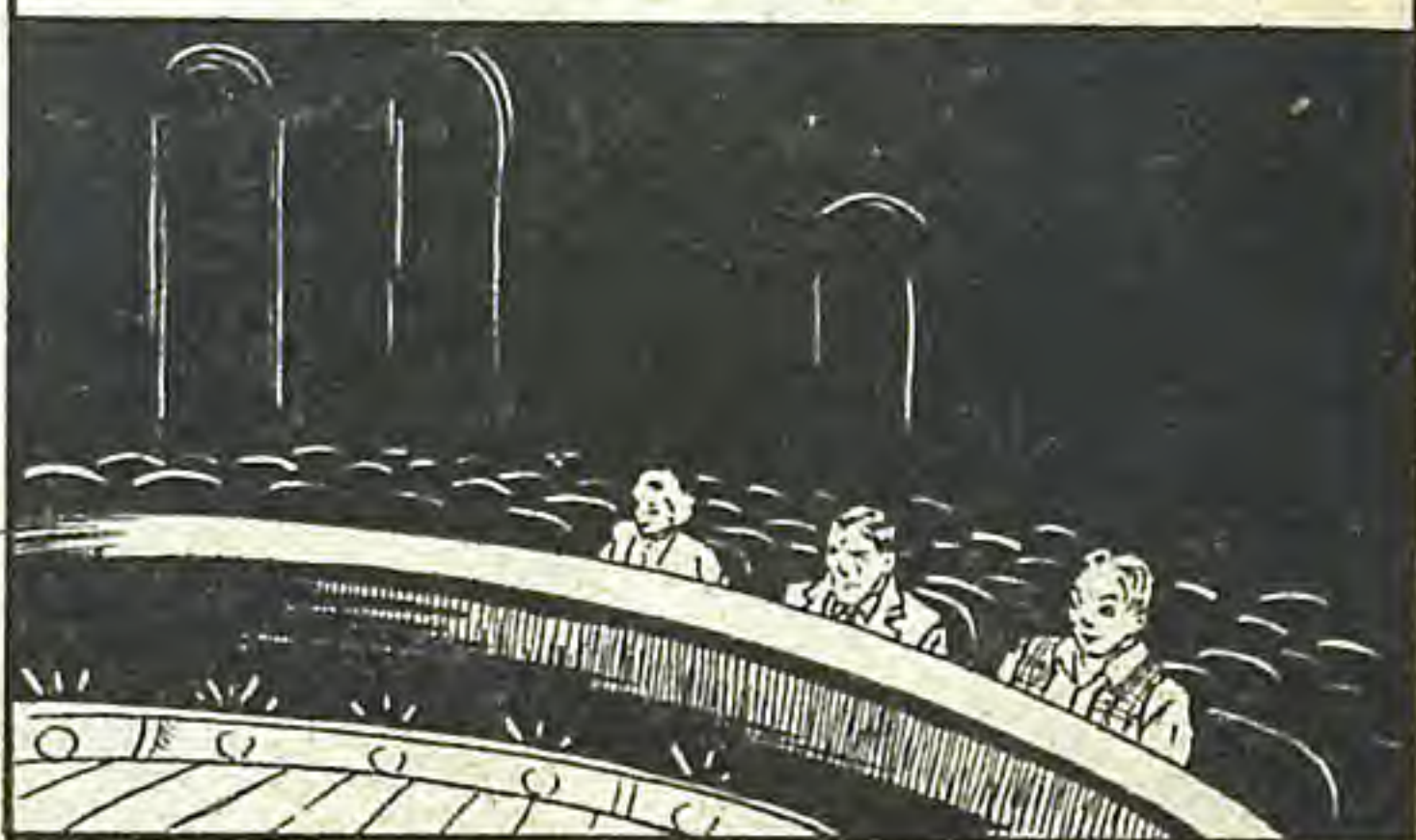


I'M ONLY AN EXTRA IN THE FIRING SQUAD... I WANT YOU TO BE AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL T'NITE AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

O.K. DAN, — I'LL BE THERE TO HOLD BACK THOSE AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS FOR YOU...



THAT NITE... DRESS REHEARSAL..



THE CONDUCTOR ENTERS... THE REHEARSAL IS ABOUT TO BEGIN... HE RAISES HIS BATON, AND... OVERTURE!!

THE REHEARSAL GOES SMOOTHLY FOR TWO ACTS.. AS THE EXECUTION SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT APPROACHES —



DAN NOTICES THAT THE SOLDIER, NEXT TO HIM, HAS BECOME VERY AGITATED... THE CAPTAIN RAISES HIS SWORD, GIVES THE COMMAND — "READY!"



"AIM!"



NO! NO! STOP! HE WILL BE KILLED, TOO!!

THE
CONDUCTOR
IN A
FRENZIED
FIT OF RAGE
HURLS HIS
BATON
AT THE
HYSTERICAL
SOLDIER



AS DAN RETURNS THE BATON, THE CONDUCTOR
SNATCHES IT QUICKLY FROM HIS HAND !!!



THE REHEARSAL
OVER... DAN
STARTS FOR HIS
DRESSING-ROOM.
AS HE PASSES
THE DRESSING-
ROOM, OCCUPIED
BY THE
LEADING LADY,
HE IS STOPPED
BY THE SOUND
OF HER VOICE,
RAISED IN
PASSIONATE
ANGER...



"I LOATHE YOU!
I DESPISE YOU!
NEVAIR COME
INTO MY
DRESSING ROOM
AGAIN!!



CAN I BE OF
ANY HELP
M'MSELLE?

OH, M'SIEU, I AM SO
UNHAPPY... I CANNOT
GET REED OF HEEM..
I HATE HEEM!!
AND HE IS MADLY
IN LOVE WITH ME.
WHAT SHALL I DO?
WHAT SHALL I DO?



YOU MEAN
OUR CONDUCTOR,
M'SIEU GERALDY?

YES, M'SIEU - HE HAS
FOLLOWED ME ALL OVER
EUROPE... AND HE IS
VERREE JEALOUS... IF HE
DID NOT LEAD THE ORCHESTRA,
I WOULD SWEAR, THAT IT WAS HE,
WHO KEELED PIERRE D'AVIGNON..



OH, M'SIEU -
I AM SO AFRAID..
WHAT SHALL
I DO?

NOW, DON'T YOU
WORRY ANY MORE..
EVERYTHING
WILL BE
ALL RIGHT..





THAT NITE..
8:43
TWO MINUTES TILL CURTAIN TIME...
1 MINUTE TO GO
THERE IS A HUSH ALL OVER THE THEATRE..
THE STAGE-MANAGER LOOKS AT HIS WATCH -
UP GOES HIS HAND -
CURTAIN!!



ACT THREE !! THE NEW LEADING-MAN EMBRACES THE HEROINE IN A LAST FOND EMBRACE... —



HE IS THEN LED TO THE WALL AND BLIND-FOLDED... THE FIRING-SQUAD LINES UP.....



THE SOLDIERS STAND GRIMLY AT ATTENTION AND AWAIT THE CAPTAIN'S FIRST COMMAND... —



BACKSTAGE...ALL WATCH THE SCENE TENSELY!! THE CAPTAIN SHOUTS HIS NEXT COMMAND.—

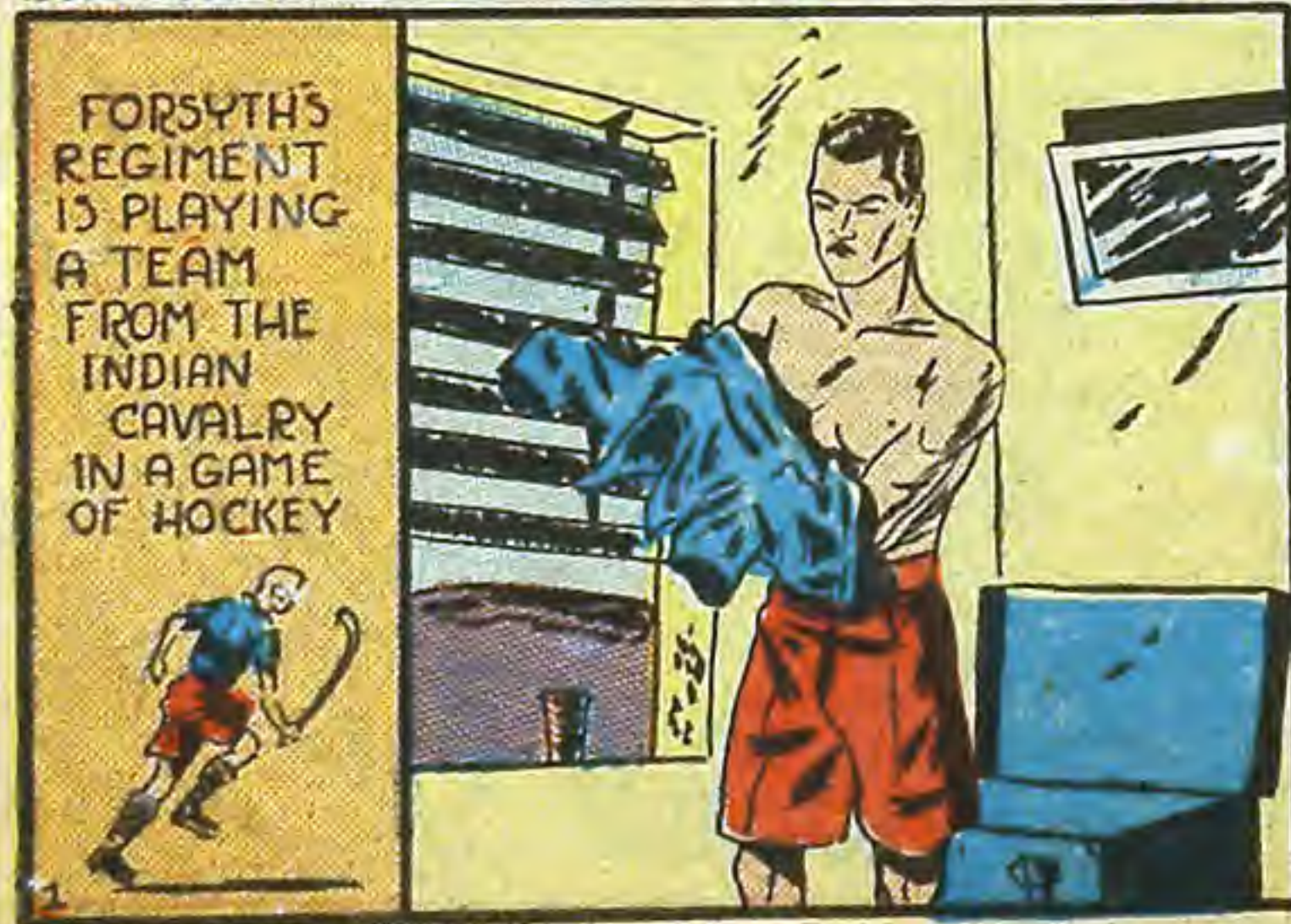
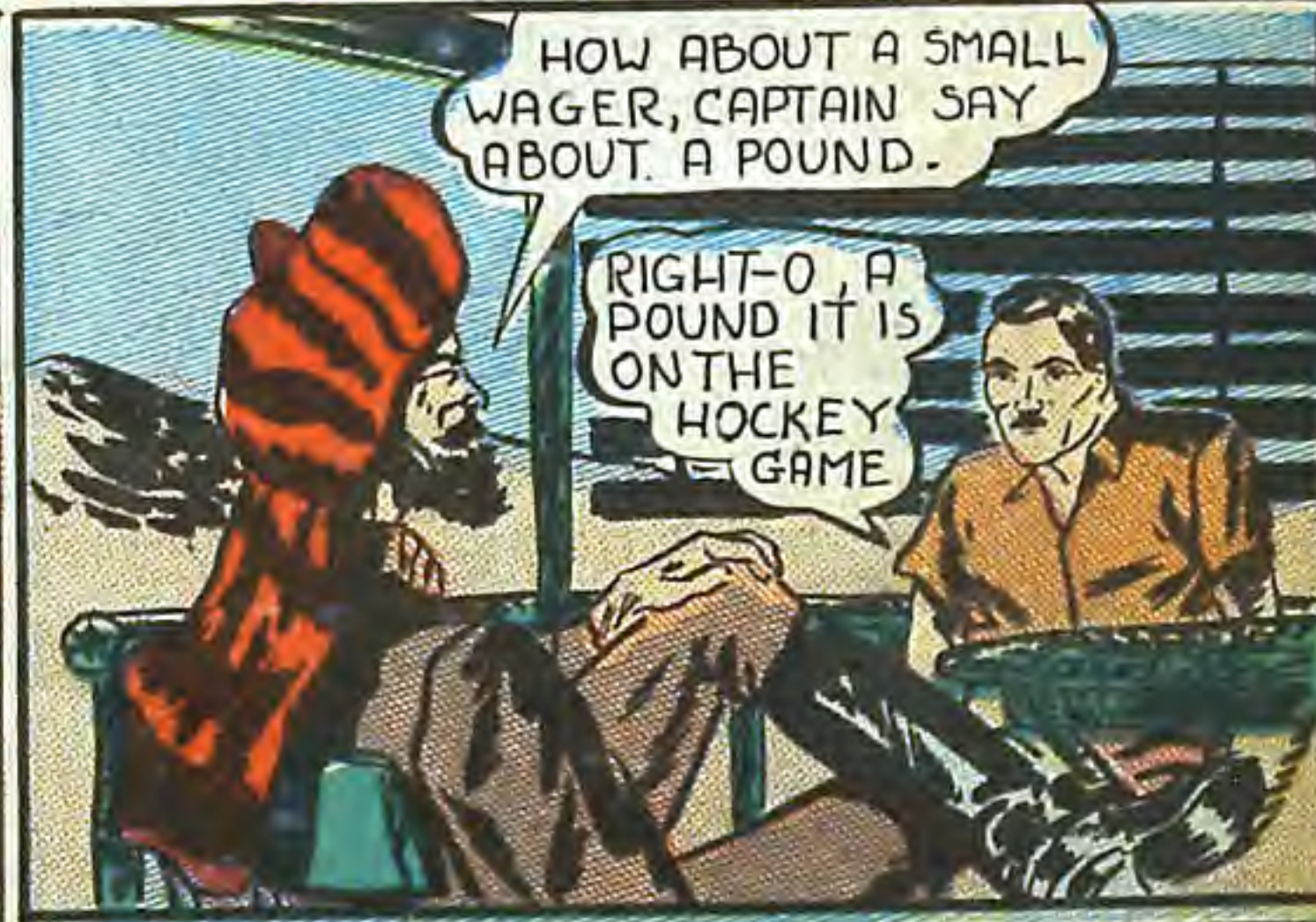


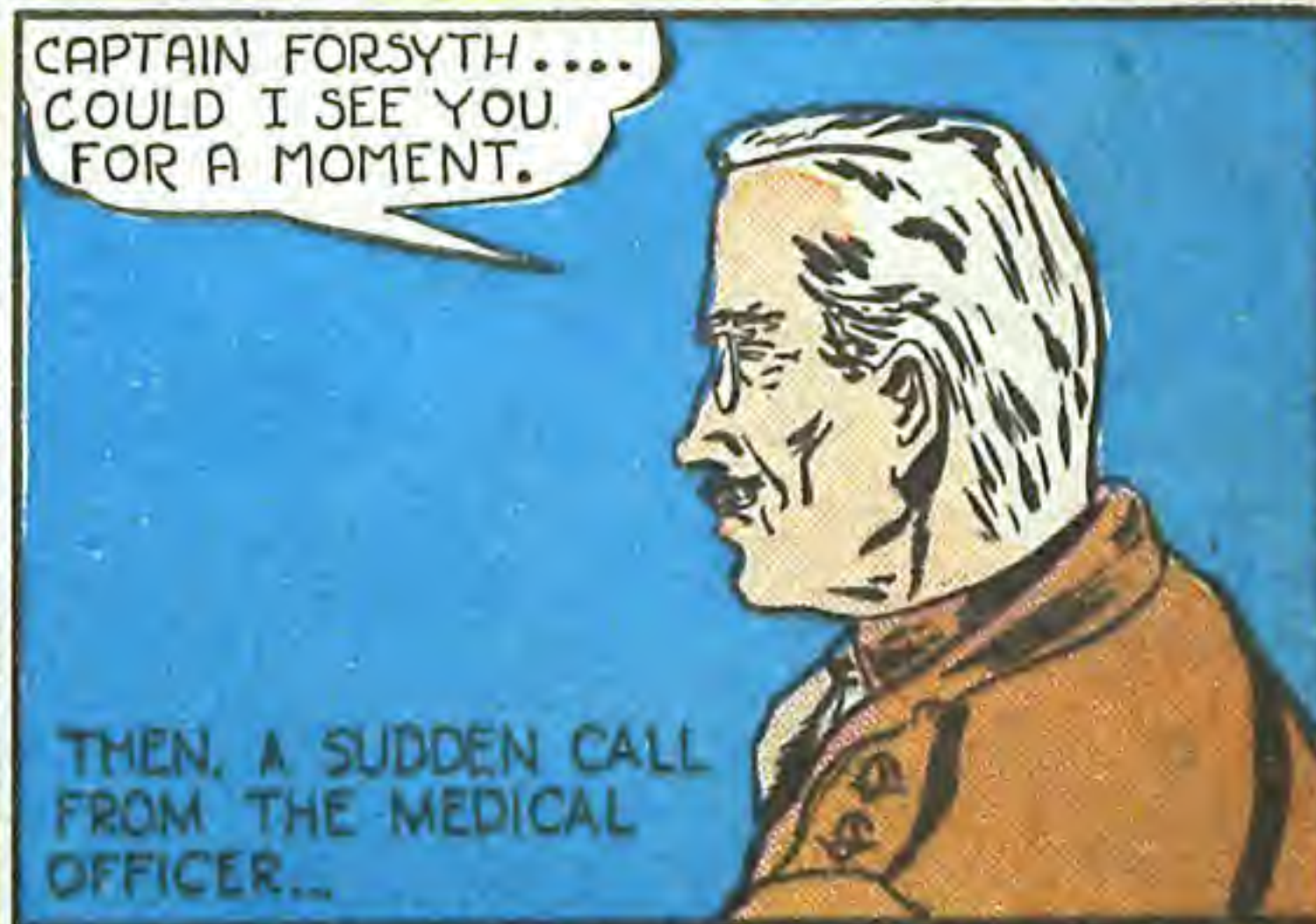
JUST AS THE CAPTAIN IS ABOUT TO GIVE HIS FINAL COMMAND — DAN DENNIS, WHO'S POSITION ON THE STAGE IS NEAREST, DROPS HIS RIFLE, LEAPS INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT AND LUNGES DIRECTLY AT THE CONDUCTOR!

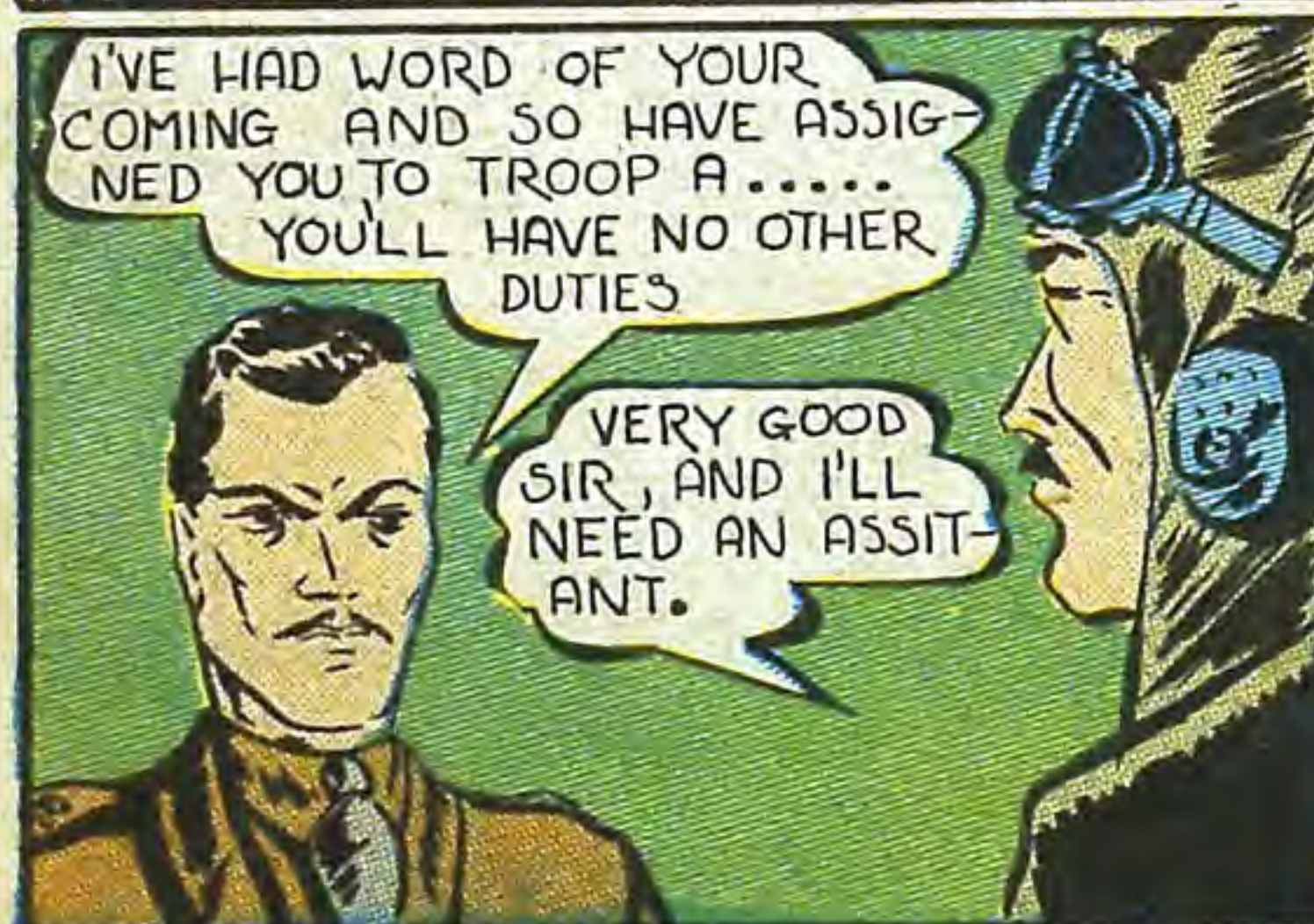
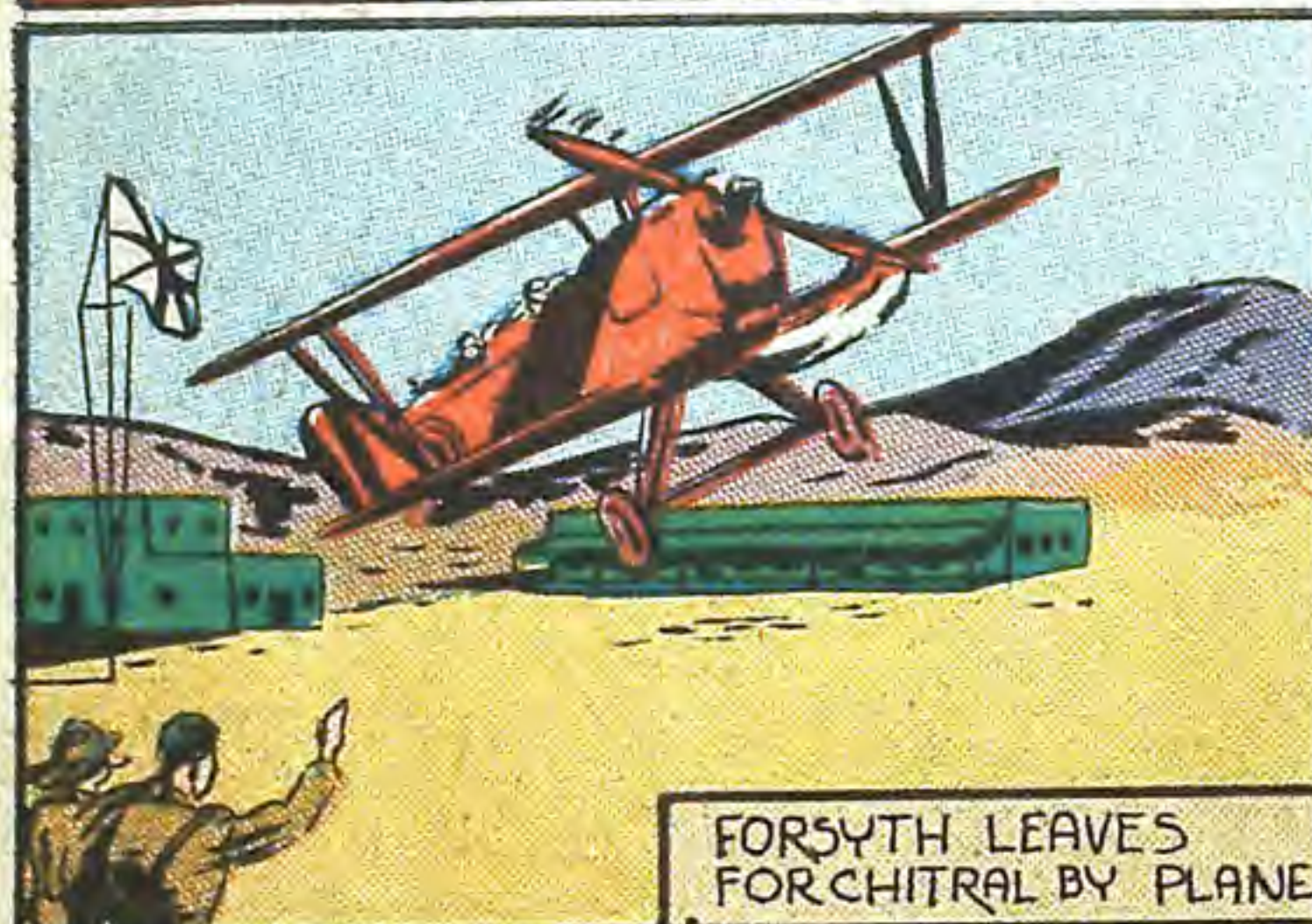


THE END.

CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT McLEAN SPY HUNTERS





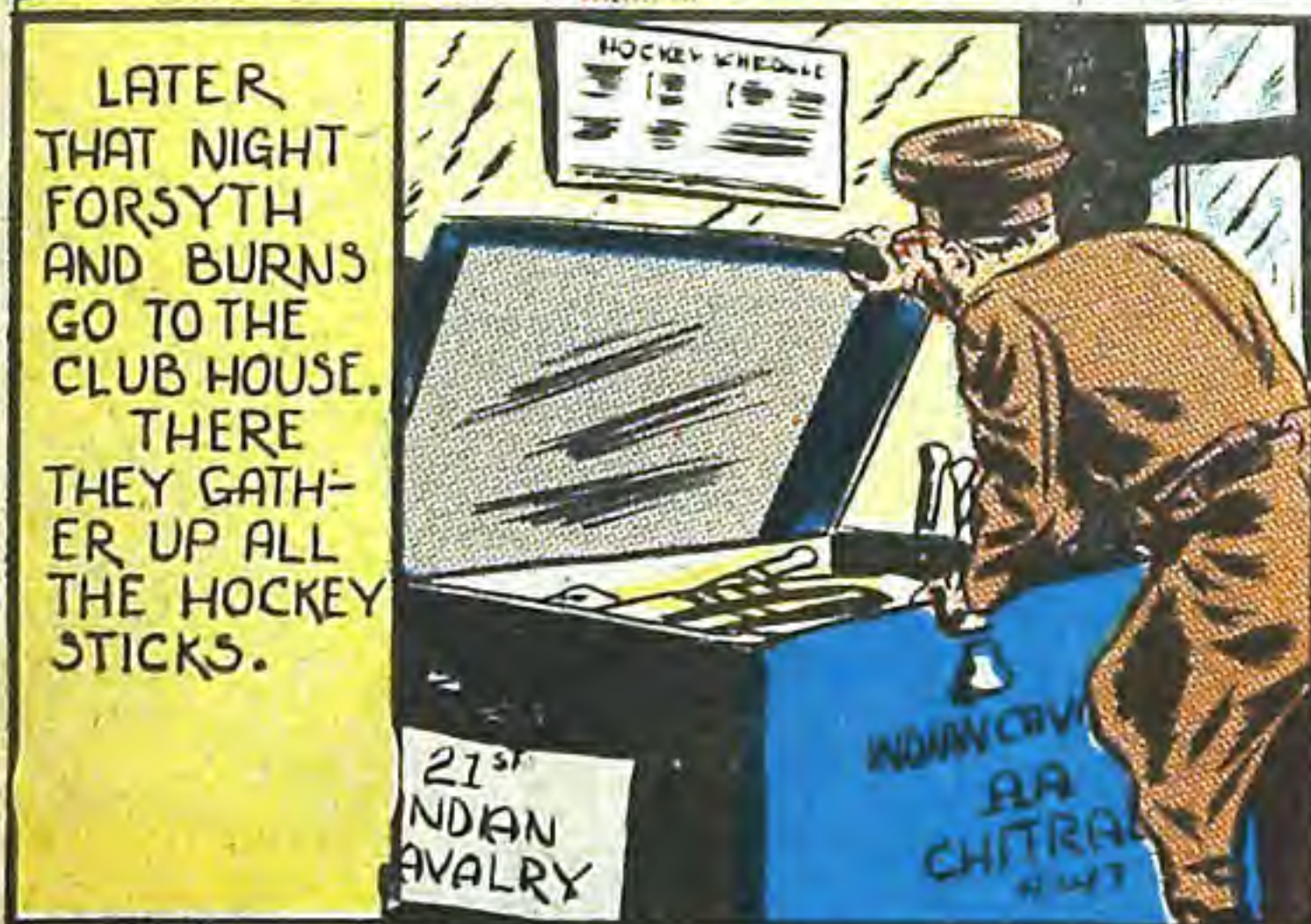




THERE'S A CLUB HOUSE
WHERE ALL SPORTING-
EQUIPMENT IS KEPT...
WE COULD LOOK
THERE



WELL, WE WILL LOOK INTO THAT
LATE TO-NIGHT.. YOU AND I WILL
GET THOSE STICKS AND
EXAMINE THEM.



LATER
THAT NIGHT
FORSYTH
AND BURNS
GO TO THE
CLUB HOUSE.
THERE
THEY GATH-
ER UP ALL
THE HOCKEY
STICKS.



THIS IS ALL - LET'S GO...
AND DON'T TOUCH
THE HANDLES
WE WANT FINGER
PRINTS.



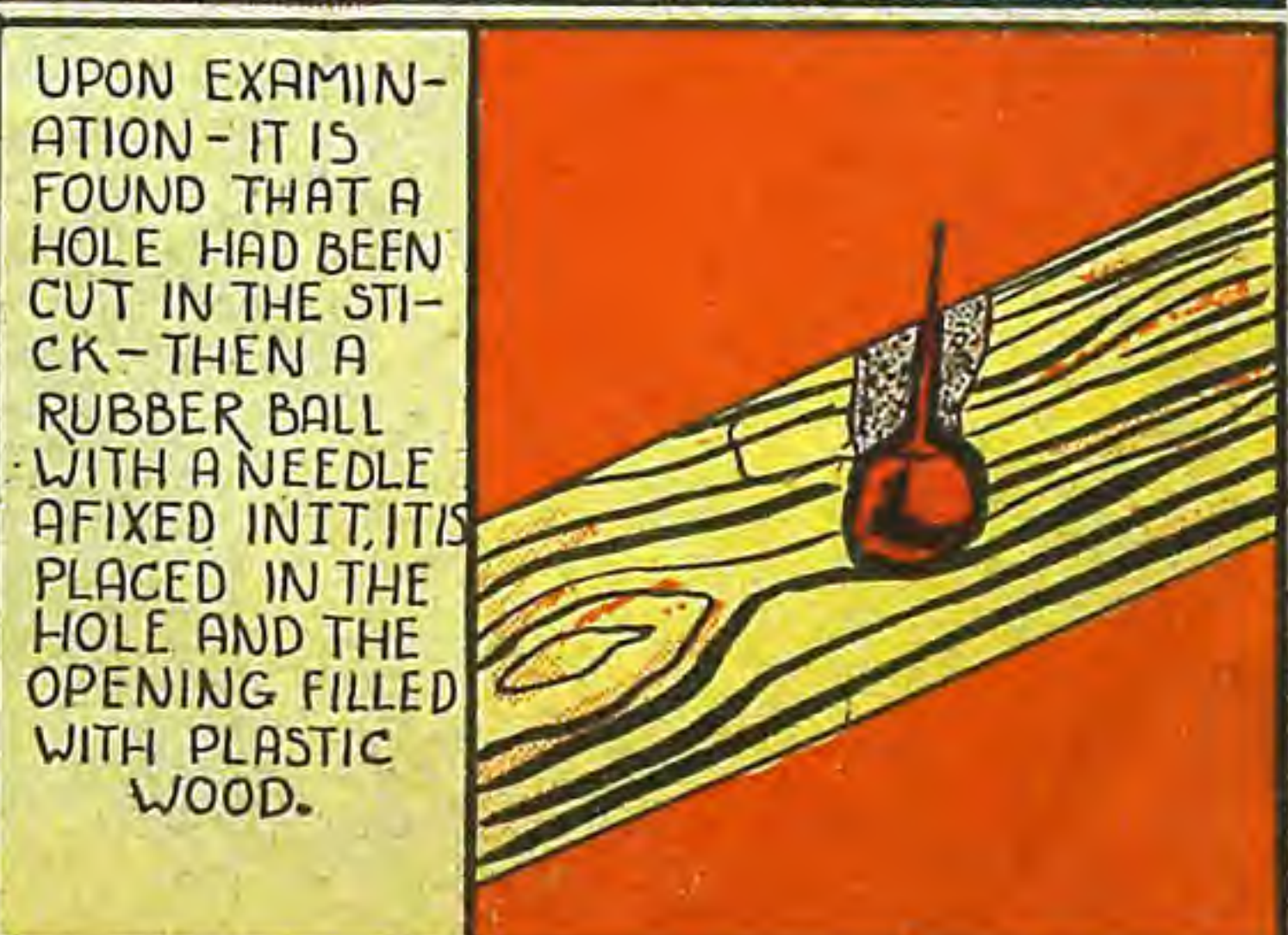
IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT
TO FINGER PRINT
ALL THOSE OFFICERS



HOLD THE STICK JUST BELOW
THE HANDLE - TAKE A
CLOTH AND RUB LIGHT-
LY OVER THE LOWER
PART.
I THINK WE'LL FIND
A NEEDLE IN ONE.
THAT'S THE ONE
WE WILL WANT!



HERE IS ONE THAT HAS SOME-
THING THAT CATCHES THE
CLOTH.



UPON EXAMIN-
ATION - IT IS
FOUND THAT A
HOLE HAD BEEN
CUT IN THE STI-
CK - THEN A
RUBBER BALL
WITH A NEEDLE
AFIXED INIT, IT IS
PLACED IN THE
HOLE AND THE
OPENING FILLED
WITH PLASTIC
WOOD.



WE'LL GET THE PRINTS OFF THAT. - THAT RUBBER BALL WAS FILLED WITH A POISON. WHEN THE NEEDLE PIERCED A PERSON THE POISON WAS FORCED THRU THE NEEDLE, SEE



NOW THAT YOU HAVE THE PRINTS IT IS GOING TO BE HARD TO GET PRINTS TO MATCH UP. OLD MUHAHRA HAS A SISTER - MAYBE SHE COULD HELP OUT.

RIGHT! BRING HER IN TOMORROW.



YOU WANTED TO SEE ME CAPTAIN? I AM YASMI, SISTER TO CAPTAIN MUHAHRA.



LIEUTENANT BURNS HAS TOLD ME THAT YOU WOULD LIKE MY HELP IN CATCHING THE MURDERER OF MY BROTHER.



I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE NAMES OF ANY MEN WHO WERE AT ODDS WITH YOUR BROTHER.... ALSO- I'D LIKE TO GET FINGER-PRINTS OF THOSE MEN.



I SHALL GIVE A TEA AND PRESERVE THE GLASSES OR CUPS FOR YOU TO EXAMINE.

ASK ONLY OFFICERS FROM THE 21ST CAVALRY THAT WILL DISPEL ANY SUSPICION.



LATER, THE TEA IS HELD..



HERE ARE THE CUPS, CAPTAIN. THEY ARE UNTOUCHED.

AFTER THE TEA



JAFARAK IS CAUGHT AND SUBDUED BEFORE HE CAN MAKE HIS ESCAPE...

TO: Commanding Officer
2d Battalion
78th (Highland) Regiment
Searforth Highlanders
Koram, N.W.T., India

SUBJECT: Mission is completed. The murderer of Capt. Muharha is under arrest. I am no longer needed here. I am leaving for Koram by plane at 3.00 PM.

12/7.

* Forsyth, Capt.
2d Bn., 78th
Searforth

On Detached Duty

CENTRAL INDIA

June 26, 1939

DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

THE HIDDEN VALLEY OF
MONTEZUMA



D EAN HAS JUST FLOWN BACK TO HOLLYWOOD FROM SOLON CAY, AN ISLAND IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.....

HE HAS RESCUED CAROL, HIS PRETTY ASSISTANT, ON LOCATION WITH COLOSSAL STUDIO'S MOVIE-CREW ON SOLON CAY, FROM HIS ENEMY, UNSCRUPULOUS BOLTON GATES, ALIAS "THE CONQUEROR,"

GATES, AND HIS RED-ROBED HENCHMEN, SOUGHT TO STEAL FABULOUS HIDDEN INDIAN TREASURE.

DEAN FOILED "THE CONQUEROR" AND LEFT HIM A PRISONER OF TECAN, LAST CHIEF OF THE AZTECS.

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL.

— SO I BAILED OUT, LANDED ON TOP OF THE PYRAMID, AND YANKED THE FALSE WHISKERS OFF GATES!

WHAT A STORY! IT'S SUPER-COLOSSAL! AND ME, AL STERN, I WILL SUPERVISE IT PERSONAL!!



IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF COLOSSAL PICTURES.

OY! FOR SUCH A TERRIFIC STORY, I EVEN FORGET IT THAT YOU DUNKED MY NEW \$80,000 PLANE IN THE OCEAN! THIS INJUN CHIEF, TECAN, WILL BE THE VILLAIN WHAT —

AND I SUPPOSE I'M TO GO BACK AND GET HIM FOR YOU?



SURE! AND CAROL HERE NOW CAN PLAY THE LEAD, AND —

I COULD KISS YOU FOR THAT!

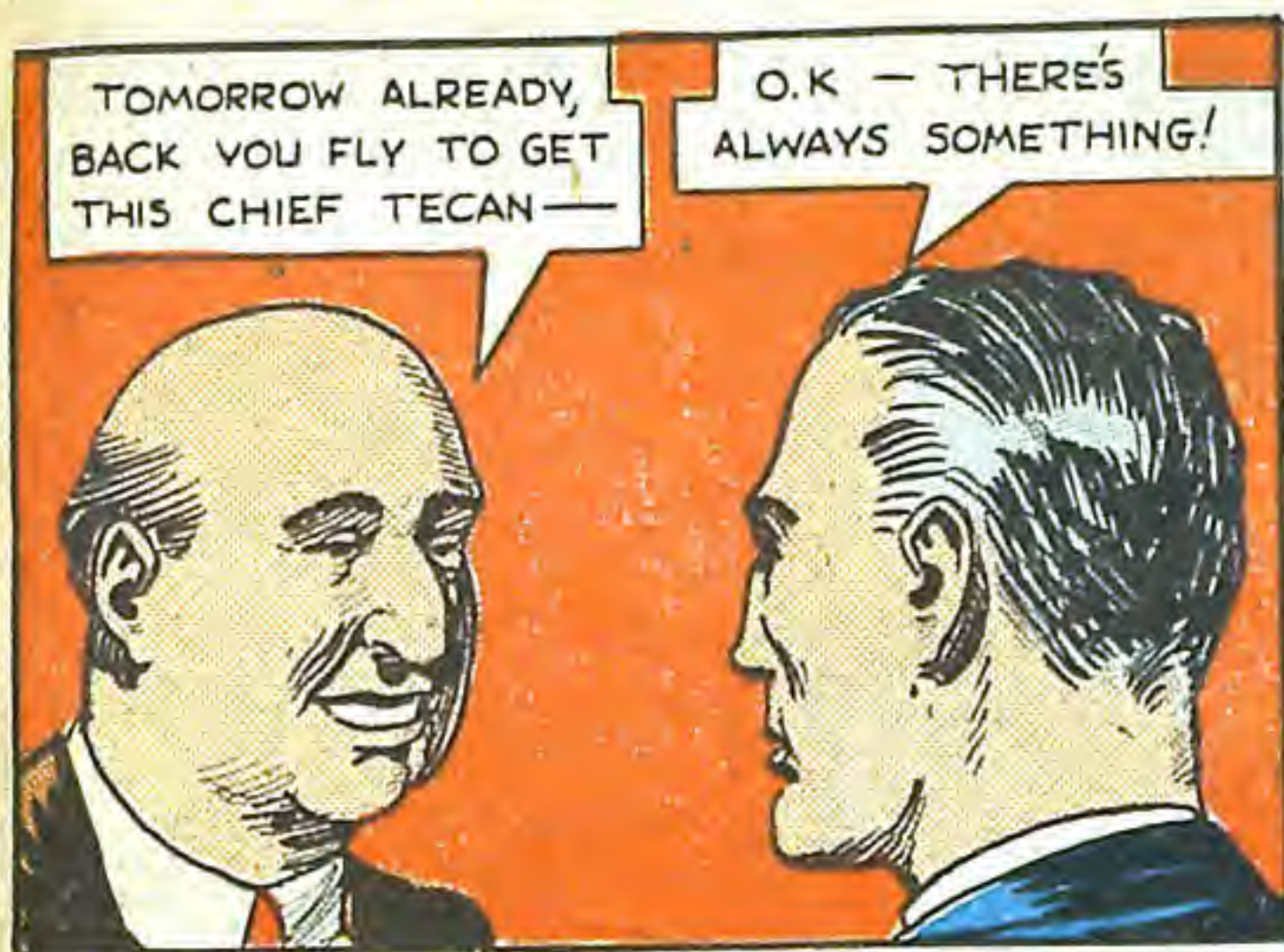
HEY! — DON'T FORGET — CAROL'S GOT A JOB AS MY ASSISTANT!



GATES, HIMSELF, EVEN, FOR THE REAL HEAVY WILL I GET! OY, WHAT A SUPER-SUPER!

IF I EVER GET GATES BACK HERE, THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF A MURDER RAP HERE FOR HIM!





TOMORROW ALREADY,
BACK YOU FLY TO GET
THIS CHIEF TECAN—

O.K. — THERE'S
ALWAYS SOMETHING!



AND I'LL GO ALONG PERSONAL, TO TRY
OUT MY SWELL NEW PLANE!

YOU! — OH, ALL
RIGHT, BUT CAROL STAYS
HOME THIS TIME —
THAT'S FLAT!



THE NEXT DAY—
SHORTLY BEFORE
THE TAKE-OFF,
AL STERN
PROUDLY
SHOWS DEAN
HIS NEW
PRIVATE PLANE



POSITIVLE! IT'S THE LATEST
THING, COMPLETE EVEN TO
AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FLYING BOUDOIR, AL — I'LL
TAKE THE 'YA-19' AND A THERMOS BOTTLE!
BESIDE, HAVING TWO PLANES IS A GOOD IDEA



JUST BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF, STERN, AS A JOKE,
LOADS DEAN'S PLANE WITH TWO DOZEN THERM

SO! IT'S THERMOS BOTTLES
HE WANTS HUH? WE'LL GIVE
THEM TO HIM — LOAD THEM
INTO THE LUGGAGE SPACE
IN BACK!



CAROL'S FEELINGS MUST BE HURT!
SHE HASN'T COME DOWN TO SAY
GOODBYE!

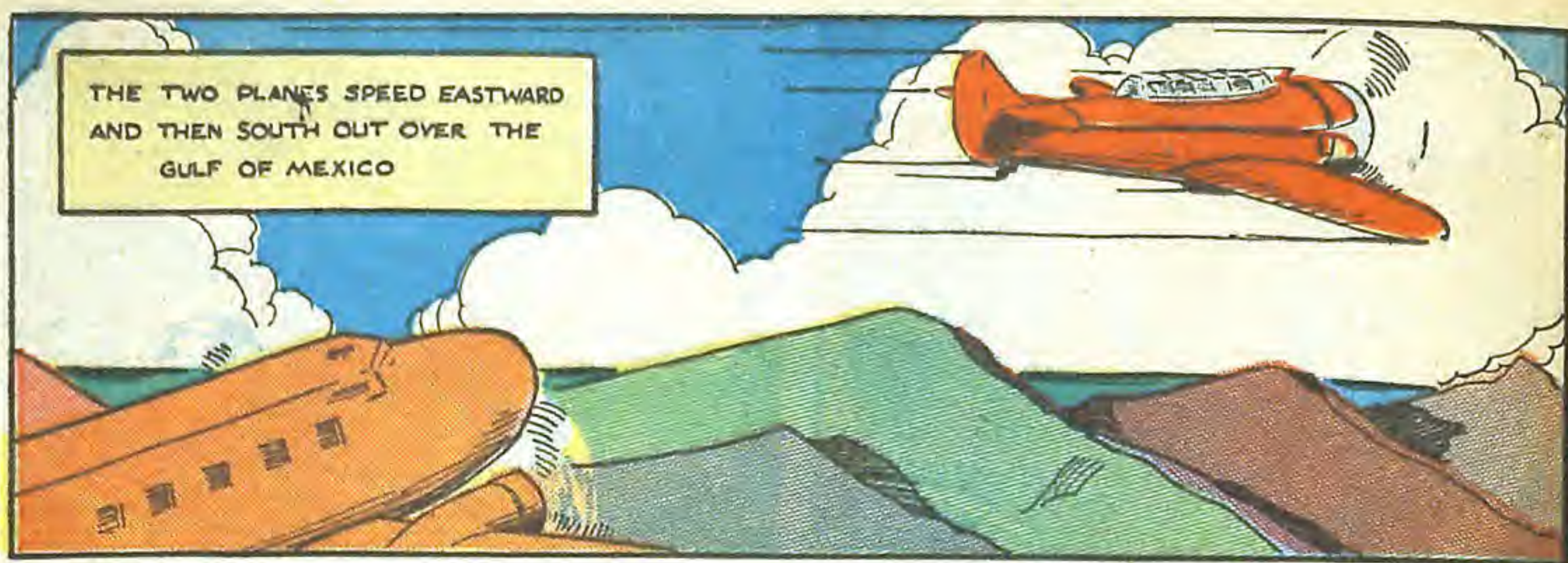
THE HOUR FOR THE TAKE-OFF ARRIVES.



HAVE YOUR PILOT FOLLOW ME, AL!

POSITIVLE DEAN! ALREADY
I BEGIN TO FEEL ALMOST
LIKE LINDBERG!

THEY HEAD FOR CHIEF TECAN'S ISLAND REALM.

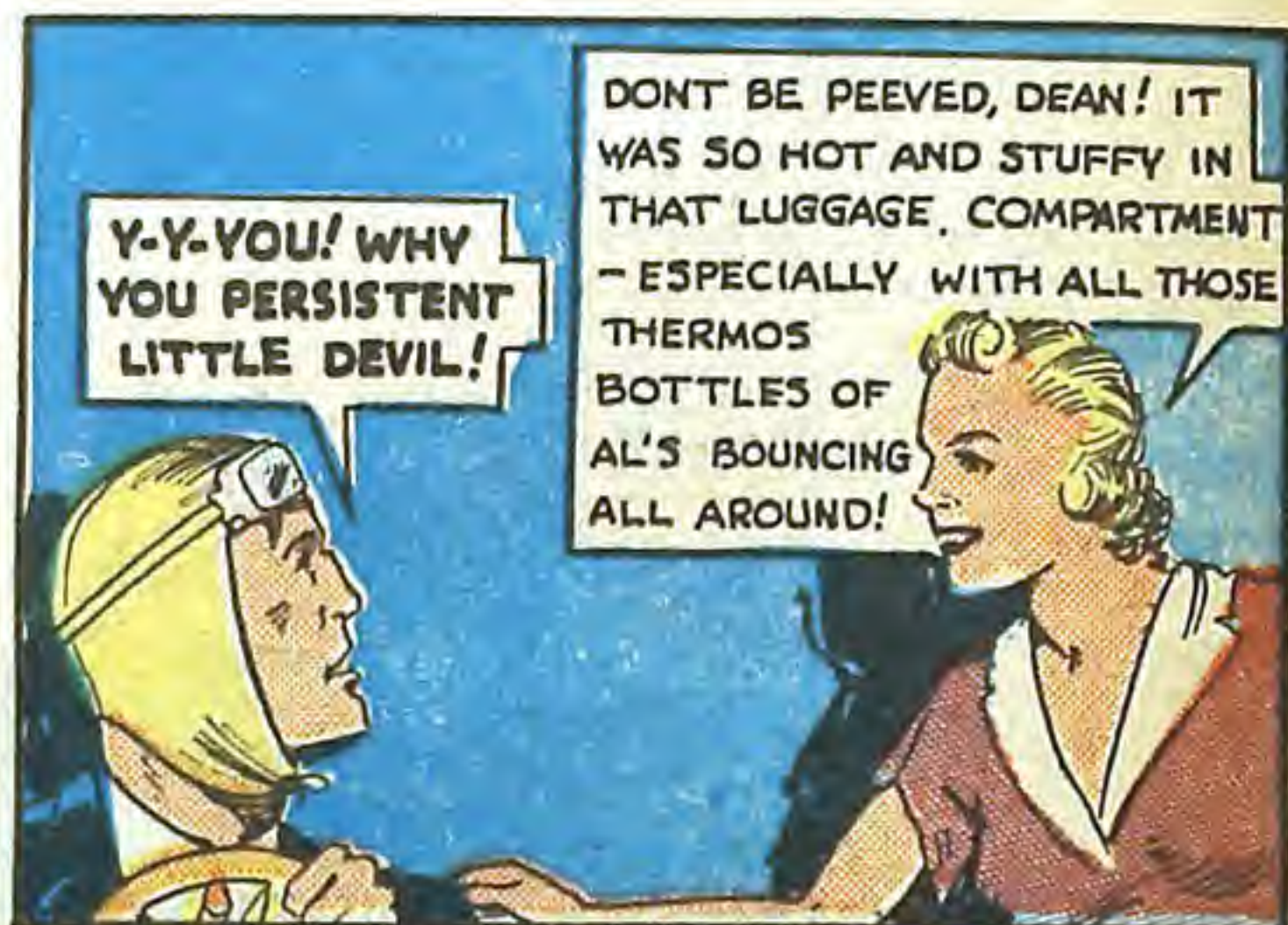


THE TWO PLANES SPEED EASTWARD
AND THEN SOUTH OUT OVER THE
GULF OF MEXICO



I WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED
TO CAROL!

AS DEAN NEARS THE ISLAND IN THE MEXICAN GULF



Y-Y-YOU! WHY
YOU PERSISTENT
LITTLE DEVIL!

DON'T BE PEEVED, DEAN! IT
WAS SO HOT AND STUFFY IN
THAT LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT
- ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THOSE
THERMOS
BOTTLES OF
AL'S BOUNCING
ALL AROUND!



DEAN AND AL STERN'S PILOT SPIRAL DOWN
TO A LANDING ON THE LITTLE ISLAND —



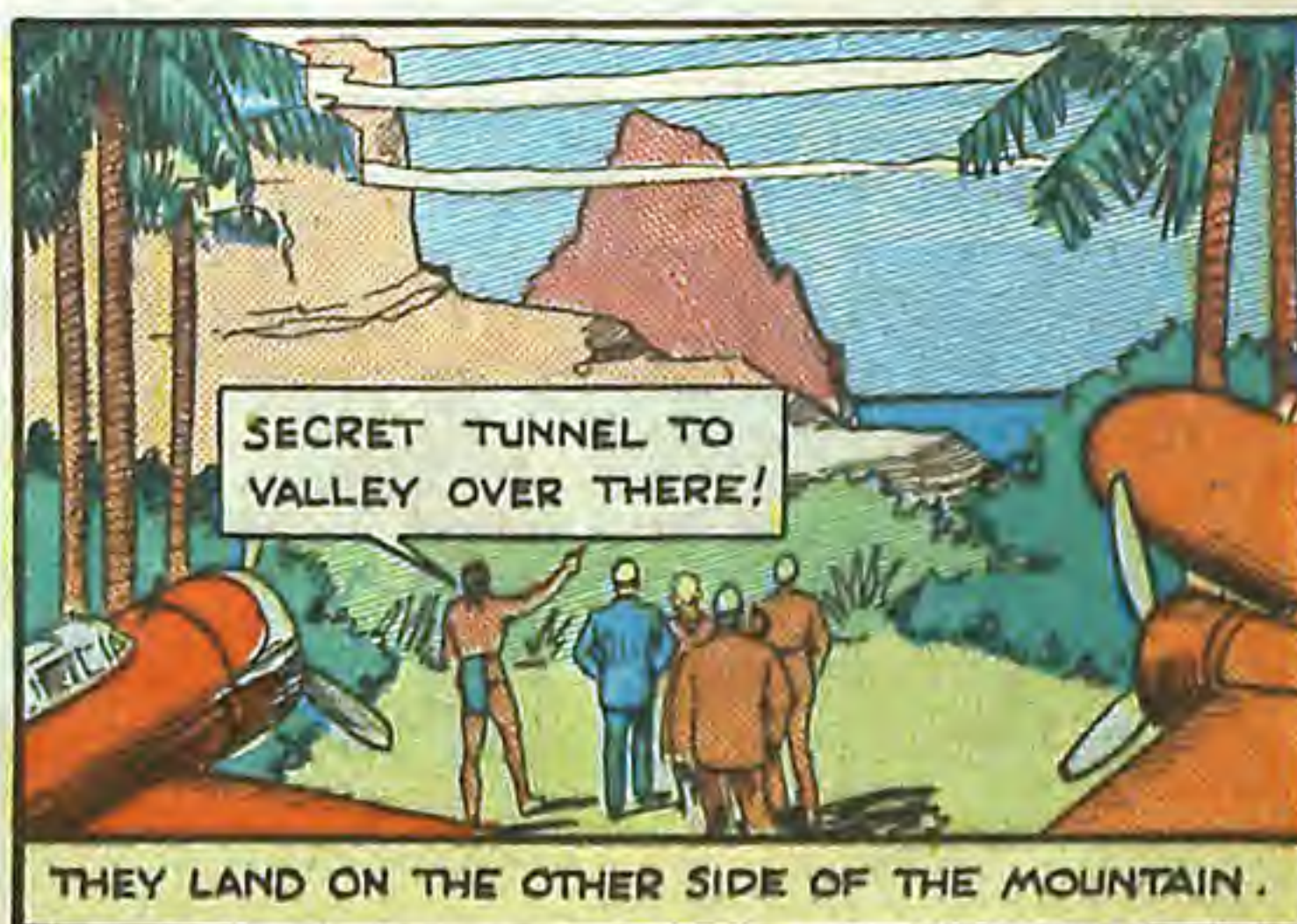
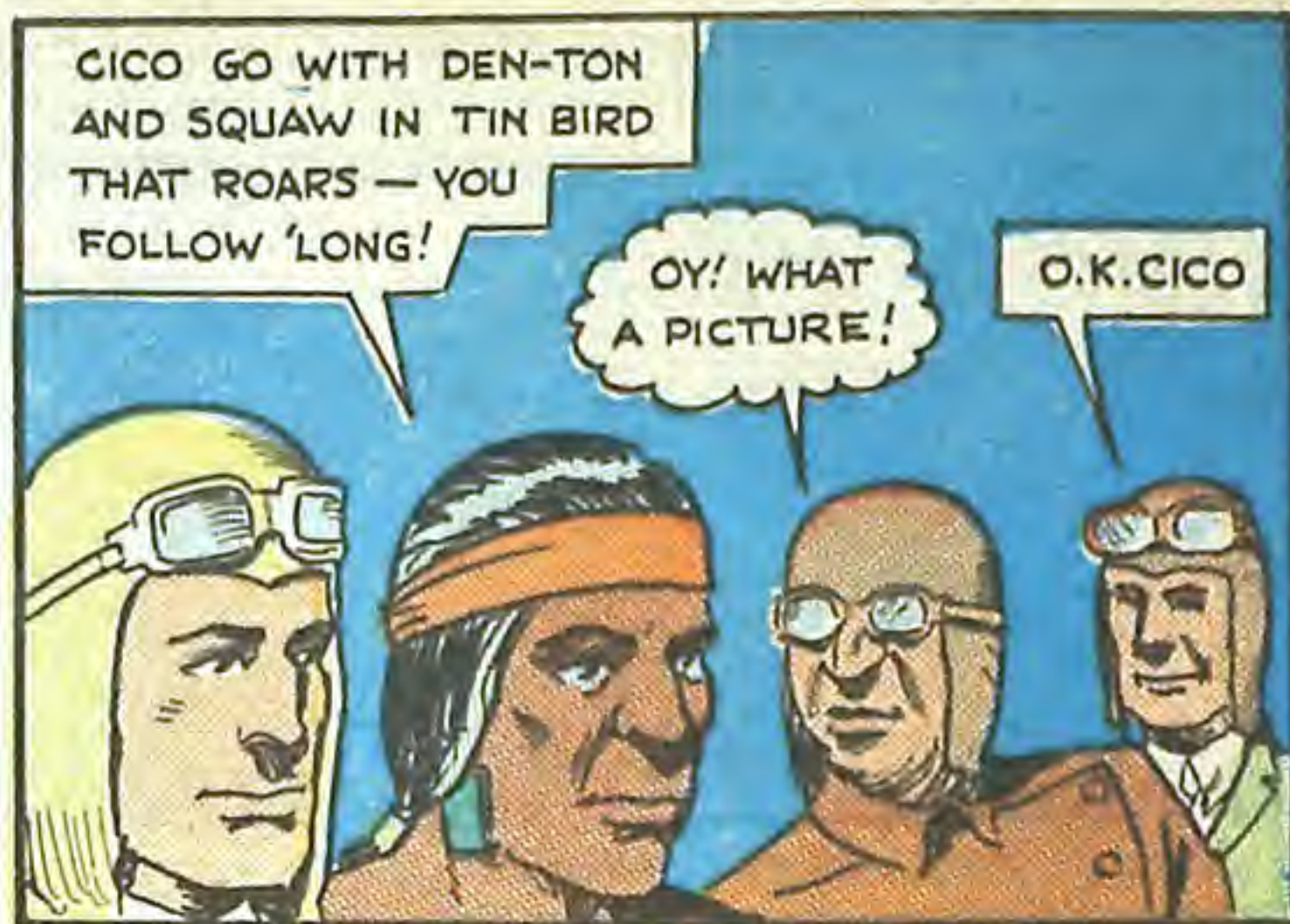
WELCOME, OH DEN-TON,
GREAT MAKER OF MAGIC!

..WHICH AT FIRST SEEMS TO BE DESERTED..



GREETINGS! WHERE
IS CHIEF TECAN?

EVIL MAN GATES AND HIS
MEN GET LOOSE -MAKE
INDIANS CRAZY DRUNK-TIE
UP CHIEF TECAN AND CARRY OFF
TO MAINLAND IN BOAT TO GET
AZTEC TREASURE!
ME-CICO-ESCAPE.



WHEN'LL YOU BIRDS GET WISE AND QUIT THIS 'CONQUEROR' GAME YOU'RE PLAYING WITH GATES!

AFTER WE GET YOU DENTON!

DEAN FASTENS HIS PRISONERS SECURELY, AND LAYS-

EVERYONE'S GOT HIS JOB - CICO AND I WILL GO THRU THE TUNNEL - STERN GUARDS OUR PRISONER, AND HIS PILOT WATCHES THIS END OF THE TUNNEL! LET'S GO!

HIS PLANS AS NIGHT FALLS OVER THE JUNGLE.

NOW - TO FIND TECAN!

BIG FEAST! EVERYONE MUCH DRUNK - ME FIND TECAN QUICK!

BOY! WHAT A BREAK!

Z-Z-Z-Z

A LUCKY BREAK AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL!

CAUTIOUSLY THEY CREEP INTO THE INDIAN VILLAGE

THERE'S TECAN! AND THAT DEVIL GATES!

NOW EVERYTHING GOOD! DENTON - MAN OF MAGIC - HELP US NOW

ME CUT TECAN LOOSE!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TECAN! I MEAN TO HAVE MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE - OR ELSE!

LEAVING GATES BOUND AND GAGGED, DEAN, CAROL, AND TECAN HURRY BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

STERN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE WHERE'S OUR PRISONER?

THE OLD SISSY GOT SCARED OF THE DARK, DEAN!

I POSITIVE DID NOT!

MEANWHILE THE PRISONER HAS SLIPPED HIS BONDS!

NOW LETS SEE THEM FLY AWAY!

DROP THAT ROCK —AND REACH!

A SMASHED CARBURETOR AND RIPPED IGNITION! TAKE TWELVE HOURS TO FIX! A SWELL GUARD YOU TURNED OUT TO BE, AL STERN!

GATES' MEN, AND HIS INDIAN STOOGES WILL BE OVER THEIR 'JAG' BY DAYLIGHT! IF THE TUNNEL'S THEIR ONLY EXIT WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS OUR AMMUNITION HOLDS OUT!

TUNNEL ONLY WAY OUT, DEN-TON

IF WE ONLY HAD DYNAMITE, I'D BLAST THAT TUNNEL SHUT FOREVER! SA-A-AY, AL—I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THOSE THERMOS BOTTLES AND THE REFRIGERATOR IN YOUR FLYING PALACE ARE GOING TO SAVE OUR NECKS!

?

[WITH SIMPLE ALTERATIONS, ANY ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR CAN BE USED TO MANUFACTURE LIQUID AIR.]

—EDITOR'S NOTE.

OY-OY! DEAN! YOU BUST UP COMPLETE MY FINE NEW ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR!

SHUT UP! AND GET ME ALL THOSE THERMOS BOTTLES, FAST!

TECAN! —YOU AND CICO TAKE TWO PISTOLS AND ALL THE AMMUNITION EXCEPT ONE CLIP! YOU MUST DEFEND THE TUNNEL AT THE BEND INSIDE!



SLOWLY, THE LIQUID AIR FILLS THE THERMOS BOTTLES.

CAROL, — I'M GOING TO NEED PLENTY OF SOFT CHARCOAL — YOU SHOW AL HOW TO MAKE A FIRE!



RIGHT-O!

LATER — AT THE BEND OF THE TUNNEL — TECAN AND CICO HEAR THE SLITHERING FEET OF THE APPROACHING RENEGADES!



THEY COME, CICO!

ME READY!



TECAN AND CICO HOLD THE TUNNEL FOR AN HOUR — AND THEN THEIR AMMUNITION BEGINS TO RUN LOW!

QUICK — THE CHARCOAL, CAROL! AND THEN GET BACK — THIS IS DANGEROUS!

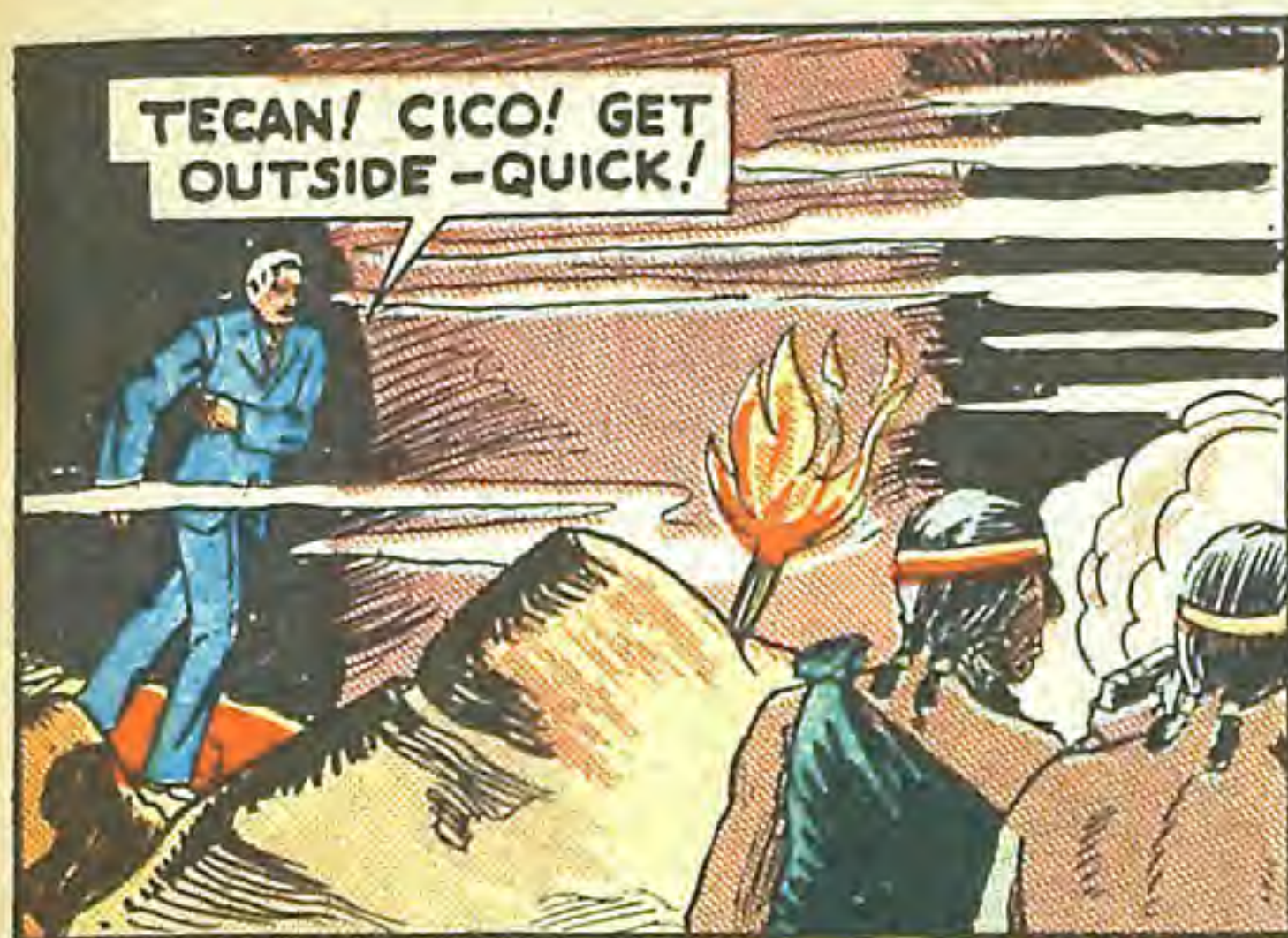


AT LAST — THE THERMOS BOTTLES ARE FILLED!

GINGERLY CARRYING THE DEADLY BOTTLES DEAN PLACES THEM INSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF THE TUNNEL.



THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



TECAN! CICO! GET OUTSIDE—QUICK!



RUN, EVERYONE! GET BEHIND A ROCK — A BIG ONE!



DOWN ON THE GROUND! AND PLUG YOUR EARS!

DEAN'S PARTY TAKE SHELTER BEHIND A HUGE ROCK.



HERE'S HOPING I SCORE A BULLSEYE



DEAN'S BULLET FINDS A THERMOS BOTTLE AND WITH A TERRIFIC BLAST, THEY EXPLODE, SEALING THE TUNNEL FOREVER!



WE COULD TAKE A MONTH TO FIX THE PLANE NOW — FUNNY WHAT A LITTLE CARBON AND SOME LIQUID AIR CAN DO!



THAT STUNT WAS USED IN THE RECENT SPANISH WAR — THE DANGER IS THAT IT'S APT TO GO OFF TOO SOON AND KILL THE CHAP WHO'S USING IT!

OY! WE ARE ALL SAFE! BUT BACK TO HOLLYWOOD WE GO WITHOUT GATES!

The End.

GOOD MORNIN' JUDGE



YOUR NEIGHBOR CHARGES YOU BEGAN TO CROON A TUNE AT 4 O'CLOCK A.M.



AW-Y'R HONOR, -I WASN'T CROONING, I STUBBED MY TOE IN THE DARK!!



DON'T BURN UP, JUDGE.



EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR CAR THAT YOU WANT THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY TO PAY FOR

MY ROADSTER IS INSURED FOR FIRE, AND I BURNED OUT ALL THE BEARINGS!



YOU YOUNG MEN OF TODAY WANT EASY MONEY- DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS GETTING WHEN I MARRIED MY WIFE?

NO! AND I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EITHER, JUDGE



WHEN YOU HEARD A NOISE IN THE STILL OF NIGHT, YOU SAY YOU GOT UP AND SAW A MAN'S LEG UNDER THE BED-THE BURGLARS??

NO MY HUSBAND'S- HE HEARD THE NOISE TOO!



HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SWINDLE SO MUCH MONEY BEFORE GETTING CAUGHT?

IT AIN'T NO USE TO TELL YOU, JUDGE, YOU'D ONLY GET CAUGHT- YOU BETTER STICK TO YOUR OWN LINE!





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Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber, inflated, like a balloon, and then placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion, it gives forth hoarse, better imagined than described. **25c**

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Smart, snappy, just what every real boy is wearing. Cool and comfortable. White. Twill Yacht Cap, with black olefin peak, sweat band, gold braid and brass buttons with anchor. **25c**

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Wing Span of 60 Inches or Five Feet

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